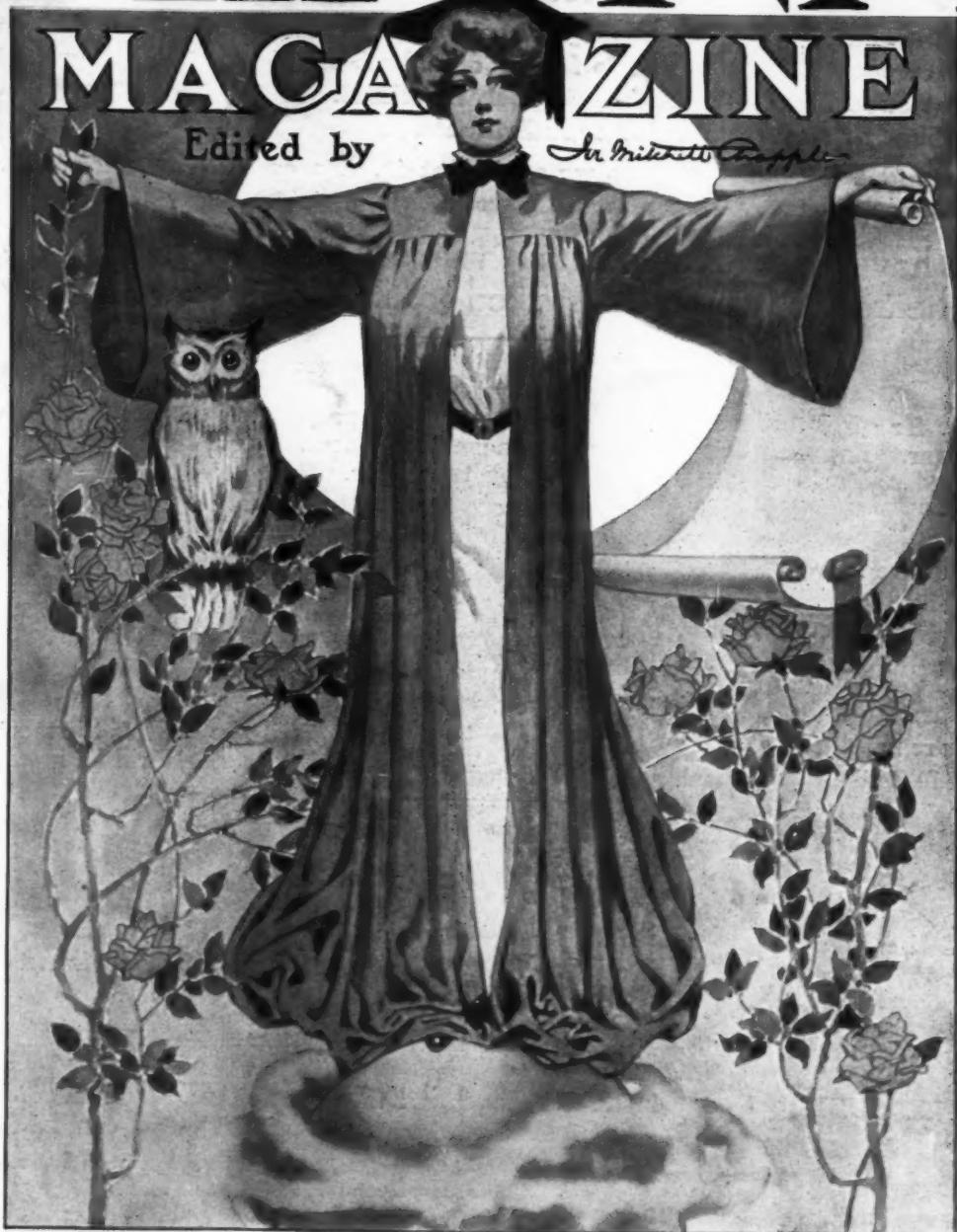


Mostly about People

NATIONAL



JUNE, 1921

20 CENTS

A Handful of Gold for Heart Thrills

What Has Been the Most Thrilling Moment in Your Life?

We want your real thrills. It might have been the plaintive cry of your first born, or the falling of a leaf, kissing your first sweetheart—or the first speech in school. It is found already they are as varied as individuals.



Write and tell us about it so we can print it. Be complete, brief, vivid. Heart Thrills—that's what we are after! Share your Heart Thrills with us.

If you have not experienced a thrill, send in somebody's thrill you have heard about that interested you. *Anyhow, send in a Thrill*

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J. M. Miller
NATIONAL
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By BANGS BURGESS

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Not in vain was moulded on coast this emblem bold,
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The vanguard came from England, in religion's name,
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Lured by hope of freedom; prejudiced pilgrims all.

Those who hewed the forest and those who delved the earth,
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She staked with rich resources, protected by her might;
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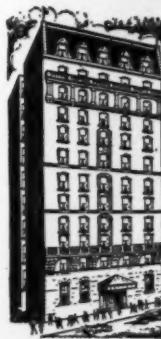
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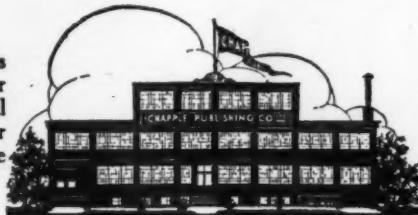
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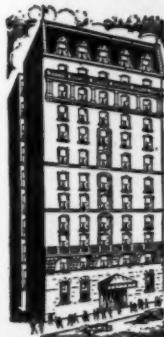
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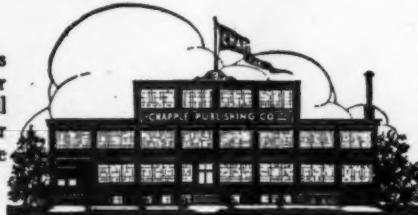
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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



UMMER days in Washington do not find the legislative work exceeding the speed limit. The drowsy spirit of the last days of school mark June-time proceedings in Washington, and yet the extra session promises much because a great deal of preliminary work has been done in the committee rooms.

The Tariff Commissions are grinding away and facts are being gathered and collated to crystallize into schedules that it is felt will afford a relief to the business situation.

Speaker Gillett coming down the capitol corridor at a lively pace seems to feel that the four hundred and thirty-three members of the House of Representatives are doing good work. The three hundred and one Republicans were being reminded by the constituents daily and hourly that they must get busy. The Speaker was very enthusiastic concerning the work of the new members of Congress, and I felt like submitting him a record of these members, whom it had been observed were taking hold of their work, and ask if they were not deserving of a reward of merit card.

There was Walter Lineberger of California, who had already made an impression as a worker; then there was Lindley H. Hadley, the cane juggler, from the state of Washington. He reflects while he hurls the cane. It is almost uncanny the way he handles his stick. Ogden L. Mills of New York and Hamilton Fish, Jr., are showing that the grandsons of public men are equal to tasks that would have awed their forbears. I discovered John Philip Hill of Maryland and Charles L. Faust of Missouri getting their toes in on congressional grind. Ohio delegates are naturally busy because there is something to do for Ohio constituents there associated with the natural Ohio idea of some day holding office. Already John L. Cable and William W. Chalmers, the teacher-man from Toledo, Charles L. Knight, W. M.

Morgan and Miner G. Norton have responded to the roll-call with something to their credit. These are the days of new ideas and new leaders..

Wynne F. Clouse of Tennessee has already revealed the old hickory spirit, but the list of new members doing good work is not alone confined to the members printed in Roman type in the *Congressional Record*.

Tom Connally of Texas and R. Walton Moore of Virginia also are two live wires. In fact this list does not necessarily include all the new members who have done things, but those whose work has come under my observation. The Speaker diplomatically insisted that the list was by no means complete, and said, with the familiar gesture of his hands, "the boys are all doing good work," and Speaker Gillett knows what work is.

At the other end of the corridor the Vice-President marched leisurely forward, and with one sissing sentence he covered it all.

"The Senate speaks for itself." Old or new, new or old, they are all doing good work.

Then came Senator Lodge, and a little later, in the corridor, Secretary Weeks, then Congressman Walsh, speaker *pro tem* of the House of Representatives. This was too much, so the wag of the house stood under the picture of Daniel Webster and repeated the historical utterance of the great Daniel: "There he stands!"

It was certainly a group representing the personnel and high places in the government.

* * *

THE acceleration of progress in some events seems to speed ahead of even the big red book known as "Who's Who." This is the time when leaders are in the making and they are being made rapidly.

When Calvin Coolidge had been called to Washington by the American electorate, Channing Cox was elected Governor of Massachusetts. It was just the logical course of events that he should be Governor of Massachusetts. Born in Manchester, New Hampshire,



MRS. CHANNING H. COX

The beautiful and charming wife of the Governor of Massachusetts



HON. CHANNING H. COX
Governor of Massachusetts

Channing Cox naturally attended Dartmouth. Then in sequence he came to Boston and hung out his shingle as a lawyer. He was elected in the legislature and proved that public service was his vocation. His remarkable trait is his poise, whether it is evidenced while he is making friends in scores, or fulfilling official duties as Governor.

Governor Cox is agreed to have an uncommon store of plain common sense. Not that this is an attribute particularly scarce among Americans, but Channing Cox displays common sense at a time when it is most urgently needed. The same popularity that attended him as a student in college has followed him into public life. In spite of the fact that the Democratic Presidential candidate bore the same name, Channing Cox overcame the obstacle.

There has never been an occasion where Channing Cox presided or spoke that he did not grace the affair in true New England style. He looks everyone and his audiences in the eye very steadily, and has an air of earnestness about him that makes friends and carries conviction. On Beacon Hill, Boston, there is an atmosphere of homey friendliness in the Governor's office, amid the array of portraits reaching back to colonial days. Everybody who knows the Cox family will tell you the Governor is at his best when he refers to the Pilgrim Fathers and the traditions of New England in their true relation to public questions today.

He, too, brandishes a slogan that, although not made public for effect, is, nevertheless, most effective. It is "In government there should be better business methods, and in business, less government business."

Channing Cox entered the government chair with ease and grace, just as if it had been awaiting him all these years. He is truly a Governor to all the people all of the time; active, energetic, well-poised, he is making a notable administration of the commonwealth. His inauguration address was a well-thought-out program. "Set the watch; let not tradition fail!" are words in which he echoes the spirit of an old Dartmouth song. The idea has found fulfillment in his work. While progressive to his fingertips, he holds a steady hand on the helm when there is a tendency to drift from safe channels. Then there is Mrs. Channing Cox, who has been a real companion and helpmate to her husband in his public career. Whether it is a State House reception or attending a function of any kind anywhere, Mrs. Cox fits into the cosmos of things. Her husband is one of the first to be elected by women's votes, and he has adjusted himself thoroughly to the situation brought about by the nineteenth amendment.

Channing Cox has the grasp of public matters that shame a political veteran. He is a Governor that enjoys state-wide popularity and gives full measure to the dignity of a Bay State statesman. Massachusetts, with its long line of illustrious governors, have had few closer to the people, fulfilling all the exactions, traditional and of today, more completely than Channing Cox.

* * * *

PRESIDENT HARDING has two commanding officers. One is the gentle but always practical Mrs. Harding. The other, his friend, adviser, and physician, is General Charles E. Sawyer.

It would be difficult to say just when and how this friendship began, but it has been tempered with experiences of the career of Warren G. Harding.

Dr. Sawyer is, first of all, a broad-minded, sympathetic, common-sense personage. Upon this all agree who have ever met him. His friendship with Warren G. Harding began with the advising of matters pertaining to his physical welfare, but included discussions that covered a range almost unbelievable. Every one has just such a friend.

In the dear good old days at Marion the little doctor was the inseparable companion of "W. G." when there were things to talk over. When the presidential campaign threatened the President's reserve strength, Dr. Sawyer was at his side, watching closely. He has one object as a practitioner, and that is "to keep his patient well and fit!"

Whether the President, like all the rest of us, is ordered to "eat glass" each morning, and show his tongue to a pair of sharp, keen eyes behind a pair of official-looking glasses, is not given us to say. Neither do we know whether the patient is allowed to indulge in strawberries and whipped cream with a Welsh rarebit as appetizer, every time his fancy overpowers his common sense. Probably not!

We can safely surmise, however, that the doctor keeps a keen weather eye open, so as to insure for the President at all times all the latter's physical and mental powers available. His professional "don'ts" are a tonic—never an aggravation to a rebellious patient.

Peering into the family autograph albums of this little military homeopath, we find he hails from a family that has been prominent in military affairs, and has taken part in all the wars of the United States except the Spanish. He himself came from Nevada, Ohio, to Marion, and there grew up and struggled through the self-same small-town prejudices along with Warren G. Harding. Each had ambitions; each realized their ambition.

It was Dr. Sawyer who first put Laure, Ohio, on the map, as the locality boasting of the first health resort of its kind when he built and maintained the Sawyer Sanitorium. Carl, Jr.,

his son, has also made a name for himself in the world of nerve specialists.

When Dr. Sawyer donned the uniform of Brigadier-General, he seemed to fit into the work as naturally as though he had been trained for his official post. In his bearing, he reflects the highest type of citizen soldiery.

He is certain he is aware of every symptom the Harding household is capable of expressing. He knows exactly to what treatments they will respond and likewise to what illnesses they are most susceptible. "Conservation" is his watchword. To conserve the President's health and strength, in order to preserve for us, the people, the benefit of a wise administration.

"I have been fortunate enough to win their confidence," said Dr. Sawyer, "and they are willing, even eager, to abide by my decision." We are certain that while the Doctor's proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is singularly adaptable with him, we should, in popular version, translate the same proverb, applicable to all people, as follows: "An hour of Doc Sawyer is worth a day of pharmacy visitations."

When Dr. Sawyer advises, you know it is the result of straight thinking, balanced with deliberate and sympathetic consideration. It is not to be wondered that the President likes to have him about. When he issues his orders to the Chief Executive, they are obeyed.

He is a homeopath, but those little white pills are the least important of his prescriptions. His ideals of practice make him prone to give you invaluable verbal two-ounce-grain prescriptions of your own applied common-sense.

All in all, Dr. Sawyer is a most exemplary compound mixture of Brigadier-General, doctor, friend, and "grandpa." He is not only a General in the service of the President, but a general cheer-dispenser as well. It strikes you instantly: the thought that when he discusses matters with you, you know you are speaking to a man whose mind is cast in a big mould.

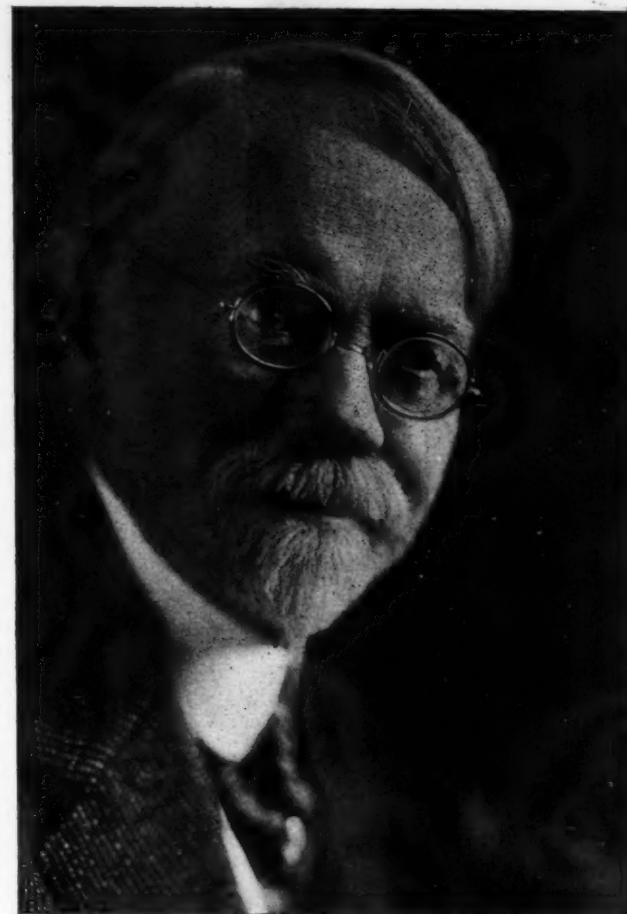
* * * *

AGAIN a woman has come to the rescue! The conquest of much disease is made not only possible, but a surety, through the discovery and research work of Madame Marie Curie. A modest little woman in a simple black hat, a mother with her two handsome daughters, walked into the White House at Washington amid the admiration accorded queens.

Eminent and world-famous scientists, diplomats, Cabinet members, all were present at the presentation of the little container of radium Friday, May 20, by President Warren G. Harding, in the historic East room. Over the room rose a hush of expectancy when the President and Mrs. Harding entered, to address a vote of appreciation to Madame Curie, the Polish woman scientist.

In one corner of the room stood the art Steinway; palms and ferns bedecked the room, and faithful as ever were the busts of Franklin and Washington on the mantels. Madame Curie in her quaint-looking little black hat seemed more interested in her two daughters' attitude, for she glanced affectionately at them almost constantly. She was presented by M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, in glowing words, and greatly was her work lauded by the President.

Part of the President's address is quoted here, and runs as follows: "It has been your fortune, Madame Curie, to accomplish an immortal work for humanity. We are not without understanding of the trials and sacrifices which have been the price of your achievement. We know something of the fervid purpose and deep devotion which inspired you. We bring to you the need of honor which is due to pre-eminence in science, scholarship, research, and humanitarianism. But with it all we bring something more. We lay at your feet the testimony of that love which all the generations of men have been wont to bestow upon noble woman, the unselfish wife, the devoted mother. If indeed these simpler and commoner relations of life could not keep you from great attainments in the realms of science and intellect, it is also true that the seal, ambition,



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GENERAL CHARLES E. SAWYER

The energetic, genial and efficient philosopher-physician who looks after the health of the President and his family

and unwavering purpose of a lofty career could not bar you from splendidly doing all the plain but worthy tasks which fall to every woman's lot."

It was, indeed, an afternoon of triumph for this kindly-looking guest from France. Secretary Hughes, Alexander G. Bell, inventor of the telephone, Senator Chauncey Depew, Herbert Hoover, and many other world-lights attended the presentation of the little \$100,000-vial of radium to Madame Curie.

Although of Polish birth, Madame Curie perfected all of her work in her laboratories in France, and is looked upon by that country as a beloved adopted daughter. The radium was the gift of the women of America, the originator of the idea having been Mrs. William Brown Meloney of New York, who opened the ceremony with appropriate words worthy the modest modern triumphs of world womanhood.

* * * *

THE relations of George B. Christian, Jr., Secretary to the President of the United States, began as neighbors in the old home town Marion, and continue in the same spirit that they talked over matters "walking down town."

When he came to Washington as the President's Secretary, the same methods prevailed.

George Christian first of all is human. He knows how to smile, and he knows how to take charge of his responsibilities in the right way. His unswerving loyalty and deep-seated love for his chief do not require words of a written record to vouch for. Everyone knows that the President knew what he was about, when he chose Mr. Christian to continue.

It would hardly be fair to say his personality is submerged



Photo by Edmonston, Washington

GEORGE B. CHRISTIAN, JR.
Private Secretary to President Harding

in his official duties; he has a great fund of plain common sense; he is a keen observer, but his own individual self remains separate and detached from any entanglement that may enmesh him in a political whirl.

His work is to preserve every precious moment for the President. In this he does not overlook the personal relationship and kindly purposes of his Chief, to keep in touch with the people and his friends. It is a question of quick decision with the Secretary, but the executive office, since the advent of George Christian, has radiated the real spirit of democracy and friendliness.

Even in the rooms of the cabinet meetings, there is a mingling of cheery chatter that is good to hear. The atmosphere is resplendent with the realities of democracy. Foreigners come and are amazed to note the simplicity which surrounds the Chief Executive of the great nation.

The American people revere the office of "the President of the United States." Especially do their hearts and hands incline toward the personnel of the White House when that office is filled by one in whom they feel the reflection of their own hopes.

There is no stiff formality or round of red tape about the mechanism of the White House office. George Christian sits at his desk and chats first on one side, then on the other; he can take in a story and continue signing letters just the same. He does not always stand in the shadow of the President, but gives the latter freedom from secretarial commands.

George is just a real fellow; he sings and laughs and plays. His friends often feel if he had not reached the eminence of the chair of Presidential Secretary that he would have followed the somewhat thorny road of a vocalist, for he does sing well. He has a tendency of turning the topic on hand into a joke, never, however, at the expense of the narrator, if the latter happens to be his visitor. He loves a good unopened "chestnut," and cannot be accused of taking himself too seriously.

When all is said and done, and nothing remains to be megaphoned, we can only say that the Secretary is just a human fellow!

* * * *

DURING the last Presidential campaign, when Warren G. Harding was being complimented upon his speeches and editorials that were preserved in the files of the Marion *Star*, he called attention to the tribute he had written some years ago to his dog "Hub," and whether it is because I hailed from Boston or not, George Van Fleet, manager of the *Star* and boss of the works while Warren G. Harding is in the White House, got busy and searched the files and found "Hub's" obituary.

The editorial has taken its place with Senator Vest's classic tribute published in "Heart Throbs."

The successor of "Hub" at the White House is "Laddie Boy." He is an Airedale, one of that breed who are noted for their devotion to their masters; but "Laddie Boy" in the executive office defies the traditions of his forbears and makes friends with everybody. However, when the President steps from the cabinet room "Laddie Boy" is ready to assume official relations. The dignified proceedings of the Cabinet are sometimes disturbed by his jolly bark as he lies in the corridor, awaiting his master's return.

"Laddie Boy" will probably have a distinguished career. Official duties are never too pressing to preclude a presidential pat on the head for this favored dog. He has had his picture taken, and the school children, boys and girls and everybody, the throngs that visit the executive office always remember the President's dog. Warren G. Harding knows life, and long before he ever dreamed he might be President he was an influence for kindness to animals. The old yellow dog, "Caledonia," who followed the farmer lad down the lane in Caledonia, Ohio, has had many successors, and each one seems to have its place in the heart of the lad who loved dogs and animals as well as all his human kind and later became President of the United States.

* * * *

EARNING his living at seventeen and in business for himself at twenty-five, four times in succession a member of the Common Council of his city, its mayor six times, holding a state office five years, being postmaster twice, and a member of Congress twenty-three years on end—all this indicates a long and busy life.

Such a career is that of Congressman William Stedman Greene, of Massachusetts. His service in Congress is just two terms less than that of Speaker Gillett, also of Massachusetts, who holds the record for continuous membership of the House of Representatives, although in age nearly ten years the junior of Mr. Greene.

Born at Tremont, Illinois, April 28, 1841, he removed with

his parents in 1844 to Fall River, where he was educated in the public schools. A clerk in an insurance agency from 1858 to 1865, Mr. Greene started in business in 1866 as auctioneer and real estate and insurance agent. For four terms in succession, the first time in 1876, he was elected a member of the Fall River Common Council, the last three years being its president. From that office the citizens promoted him to be mayor in 1880. Re-elected the following year, he resigned to accept the postmastership of Fall River from President Garfield, in whose nomination he had a hand as a delegate to the Republican national convention. Again he was elected mayor in 1886, also, with three defeats for that office in the meantime, in 1895, 1896, and 1897, but declined re-election in 1898. In the last interval of the mayoralty as held by him he served, from 1888 to 1893, as superintendent of prisons for Massachusetts. Becoming postmaster again in 1898, by appointment of President McKinley, after two months he resigned and was elected to the fifty-fifth Congress to fill an unexpired term, and there the voters of the fifteenth district of Massachusetts, comprising a population of more than two hundred thousand, have kept him ever since.

Mr. Greene married Mary E. White on March 8, 1865, and has three children. It is an interesting coincidence that his native state, Illinois, owns as one of its representatives in Congress that other patriarchal statesman, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who is five years older than Mr. Greene.

* * * *

HERE is a case where authorities differ about the age of a man who has won fame. According to "Who's Who," he was fifty-one at his latest birthday, November 22, while the Congressional Directory, in which he has figured eighteen years, makes his age fifty-two. However, a year one way or another does not detract from the fact that here is a man who, with "limited school advantages" as "Who's Who" records, has been serving his country in honored positions almost from youth.

John Nance Garner, Democratic member of Congress from the fifteenth district of Texas for ten successive terms, including the sixty-seventh Congress, was born in Red River County of that state, the *Congressional Record* says, on November 22, 1868. Taking that as correct, John N. must have been dowered with some fast-growth mental elixir, for he was able to obtain admission to the bar at twenty-two years of age. He was a judge of Uvalde County for four years. At thirty years of age he was making law in the House of Representatives of Texas, and was only around thirty-five when he entered the halls of Congress in Washington. There we now find him. Inevitably he must rise higher as, again giving Father Time the benefit of the doubt, he is only fifty-two years of age now, or normally in the prime of life for statesmen.

If he does not land the governorship of the Lone Star State or one of its Senatorships, or both in tandem, a good guess will go astray. John Nance Garner on the next Democratic presidential ticket, indeed, should cause no surprise. To have enjoyed the confidence of his minor and major constituencies for a score of years is a strong card in any political free-for-all he may enter.

Authorities agree that Mr. Garner married Miss Ettie Rheimer in 1895, that event taking place three days after his birthday anniversary.

* * * *

HERE are young people of today who probably never heard of Coxey's army. Twenty-seven years ago an army of men, out of work, marched to the steps of the Capitol under the leadership of General Jacob S. Coxey, of Massillon, Ohio, and demanded work of Uncle Sam.

Strange contrast the years have wrought. The same General in the lobby of the Hotel Willard, in 1921, wore a collar and a necktie, and an amethyst stone blazed on the necktie. The collarless General who led his army over the greensward



Photo by Edmonston, Washington

HON. JOHN NANCE GARNER

Veteran member of Congress (Democrat) from the Fifteenth District of Texas

of the Capitol grounds twenty-seven years ago was now leading on.

He was in Washington advocating the issue of non-interest-bearing bond issues to refund the government debt. In other words, he desires to make these bonds without interest, legal tender for public improvements and to provide work for the unemployed.

He handed me the following quotation from Lincoln's message to Congress, which he had printed for distribution: "I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been dethroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudice of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless."

He had made an address the night previous answering the comptroller of the treasury in his statement as to the method and means of meeting the present-day situation.

General Coxey carried with him a document with excerpts from the speeches of Secretary Chase of Lincoln's Cabinet, of J. C. Calhoun and others agreeing to the right of Congress to issue greenback money.

The General wears a slouch hat and is an enthusiastic talker on these subjects.

He has been in the sandstone business in Ohio for many



HON. GEORGE H. MOSES
United States Senator from New Hampshire

years, but has always been interested in, and a student of, the currency question, and his name recalls the days of "Coin" Harvey.

His theory of money brings back memories of the great silver craze and wave of greenback enthusiasm that at one time and another spread over the country.

* * * *

THE well-reputed "rough-and-tumble" debater in the Senate is George H. Moses, who hails from New Hampshire. All through his career he has been known as one who has an original twist and knack of asking a question. In his work as editor of the *Concord Monitor* he knew well how and when to use the question-mark.

His roving yet steady blue eyes may sparkle behind a pair of glasses, but when he puts his question, with that incomparable effect of a lawyer at a cross-examination, one feels very much inclined to answer him truthfully even if there is danger in losing temper.

Early in his work and while still an editor, he was reputed to have been the man who "wrote out loud." His editorials in Concord oftentimes made the fur fly, just as it does in his interpolations on the floor of the Senate. His decisive statements on the floor have a like effect. His New Hampshire constituents feel rightly pleased that their representative in the Senate takes high rank.

Senator Moses opposed woman suffrage, but when the nineteenth amendment came to pass, and when it became law, he was for it. Perhaps his conscience smote him just a trifle when he found himself elected by the vast majority of women of New Hampshire, and elected with a disturbing degree of equanimity on their part. Thus can his paradoxical self be explained.

The committee room wherein he toils is as busy in appearance as was his old editorial room in Concord. He wades through the usual delightful disorder of letters, clippings, and documents, and when he walks toward the Senatorial room with an idea in his mind, he is the essence of virility and alertness. You almost expect him to meet some dear old friend whom he had not seen for years, so keenly apparent is his pleasurable anticipation.

Like others of political and world-wide prominence who hailed from the Granite State, Senator Moses is quite proud of his state. Was not the handsome Franklin Pierce a product of New Hampshire, and likewise Daniel Webster, William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy, with many others? To his home folks, this ready and able fighter of Senatorial precincts will always remain the old-time George Moses, editor of the *Concord Monitor*.

* * * *

THERE were many congressmen who retired from public service on March 4th who left splendid records behind, even if they did take away their "chests" as souvenirs. Their names may not have been emblazoned on the front pages of the newspapers, because they had not done spectacular things.

Early in the last session I found evidence of the work of Herbert Claiborne Pell, Jr., of New York. It is not generally expected that New York congressmen will do much, but this young congressman, born in New York City in 1884, took hold of his work like an old veteran. It is a matter of much regret among his colleagues that he is not to continue his work so well begun.

He was a Democrat—a level-headed Democrat—and was not one who was slated to go down before the avalanche of November, 1920, but he was like Champ Clarke—caught in the avalanche. He is a philosopher, and until the clock ticked the hour of twelve, March 4, he proved an efficient and conscientious representative.

His district, the seventeenth, begins at West Eighty-sixth Street and the Hudson River, and continues to Central Park West, and on to Ninety-ninth Street to Lexington Avenue; in fact, the boundary of the district reads in some respects like a city directory.

The modest biography in the Congressional Directory of the sixty-sixth Congress consists of two lines—name, party, residence, and birthplace—indicating the fact that he is married and has one son.

Congressman Pell has rendered his country conscientious service, and one of his colleagues of opposite political faith insisted that if New York City could send more men like Herbert Pell the elections would not seem so hell-bent all one way.

* * * *

IT takes courage in some communities for a young man to leave the political house to which his folks have always belonged. Major Lineberger, who defeated former Representative Randall for the sixth congressional district of California at a special election in February, is by birth a Southerner whose people were Democrats, but early in life he fell into line behind the elephant in the G. O. P. parade. His military title is genuine. He served in a combat unit of engineers in the World War, in the same division as Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and was wounded in action.

"Lafayette, we are here," the reported exclamation of some one in the A. E. F. at the tomb of the French hero of the American Revolution, in the mouth of Ralph F. Lineberger would have savored of atavistic suggestion, for he is a direct descendant of Jean Henri de Ligneberger, who came from Alsace-Lorraine to fight under Lafayette.

Major Lineberger was born in Tennessee in 1883. Educated as a civil engineer, he practiced that profession for ten years in Old Mexico, in which period he married Florence E. Hite of Ohio. Their home is in Long Beach, California.

Has fine public service record

New Assistant to U. S. Attorney-General

Rendered important service to the country during the war in connection with the Draft Board, the Shipping Board, the Admiralty Department and on the staff of General Pershing

ABILITY, like a jewel, deserves a good setting. Uncle Sam, in this respect, does handsomely for those who serve him in Washington. As a rule, that is, for some of the departmental accommodations are not what they should be, either in location or looks.

Colonel Guy D. Goff, appointed as Assistant to the Attorney-General on March 16 last, has quarters well befitting the incumbent. Overlooking McPherson Park, with the statue of its patronymic hero, his office windows frame a picture of billowing waves of foliage. Its spaciousness typifies the big man, with premature gray hair, stockily built, with backbone-suggesting business, who thoroughly measures up to his born judicial poise and genius. Of frank and genial demeanor, he radiates good feeling among all who meet him.

Although having held no judgeship in the United States like his father, Colonel Goff took important federal commissions in the administration of justice at home, and served in more than one judicial capacity connected with the American arms in Europe during the World War. In the role just mentioned, as well as that in which he now figures, he has also run true to inherited form, as his father, the late Senator Goff, served as a major in the Union army and Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Hayes.

Colonel Goff was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia. Beginning his higher studies at the Kenyon Military Academy in Ohio, he finished them at Harvard University and Harvard Law School. After two years' law practice in Boston, he moved west to Wisconsin. This step evidenced both independence of character and a fine sense of the proprieties, for he passed up his native state because his father was the presiding justice of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the fourth Circuit and he declined to practice in the judicial district over which his father presided.

Settling in Milwaukee, he practiced for ten years. He became prominent in politics there and shortly after his arrival ran for mayor on the Republican ticket. His practice has been general and has extended into all the courts and has been remarkably successful. In 1904 he was appointed district attorney for the city and county of Milwaukee and for the next four years was active in the prosecution of the so-called graft cases. Later he was United States Attorney for five years, and shortly after the expiration of his term in August, 1915, was appointed a special Assistant Attorney General of the United States and assigned to the prosecution of important government cases in Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois and Wisconsin. He was so engaged when called to assist in the first draft.

In 1918 he was sent to Europe to represent General Crowder on the staff of General Pershing. He remained at Chaumont so engaged for eight months, and then was assigned to Paris and placed in charge of rents, requisitions and claims. This work involved every possible complaint against the United States by virtue of the army's having occupied French soil. While thus employed, Colonel Goff was also in charge of the admiralty department of the United States army. This function involved all cases due to collisions between American transports and the vessels of other nations. In the fall of 1919, having finished his work in Paris, he was sent to Germany and placed in charge of the courts in the occupied area. His jurisdiction covered both the criminal and civil law, and much of it was based upon an interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles.



COLONEL GUY D. GOFF
Assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States

Colonel Goff returned to the United States in June, 1920, and became the general counsel of the United States Shipping Board. After reorganizing the legal department thereof, he continued in that position until December 1, 1920, when he became Shipping Board Commissioner to represent the Great Lakes. His duties with the Shipping Board called for an intimate study of every legal question touching shipping and commercial interests. The Merchant Marine Act (the Jones bill of June 5, 1920) requires the Attorney General to exercise a supervisory control over the legal affairs of the Shipping Board, and this requirement made it necessary for Colonel Goff to have almost daily conferences with the Department of Justice, especially with those officers charged with the enforcement of criminal and commercial law. Hence his advent to a place in the Department of Justice as assistant to the Attorney General partakes of the element of a home-coming.

Henry C. Wallace, Plowman and Editor

The new Secretary of Agriculture was brought up on a farm and has followed farming all his life. He has helped materially in the advancement of agriculture, and was a pioneer investigator in why fence wire rusts. Will spend more money for good roads than ever before in the history of the nation

By MITCHELL MANNERING



HENRY C. WALLACE, the new Secretary of Agriculture, has long been an ardent follower of the work of the Department of Agriculture. As the publisher of one of the leading farm publications of America, he has had many occasions to use the services of the department of which he is now the head:

An incident is related showing his faith in the department's ability to serve the needs of the farmer long before he ever had reason to expect to be Secretary of Agriculture.

Many years ago the readers of his publication made complaint of rapidly rusting fence wire. Henry C. Wallace just naturally put their problem up to the Agriculture Department, the same as he would have done in case an inquiry had come regarding a mysterious disease among livestock. Instead of a sick hog, it was a case of sick iron.

"I began getting inquiries from our readers," said the Secretary in relating the incident, "asking why the wire fences they put up did not last like the old-fashioned wire fences their fathers had put up before them. Rust seemed to be playing havoc. And so I decided the proper place to take their trouble was to Washington. I was asked to send samples of old fence wire which has resisted corrosion, along with samples of the new fence wire which had rusted so rapidly, for the purpose of comparison and analysis by the government metallurgists. I spent one whole week gathering samples of old iron wire fences, some that had stood so long that the wooden cross bars had rotted away."

The samples which the Secretary sent on to the Department of Agriculture at Washington were analyzed by the department metallurgist, and a bulletin was issued calling attention to the fact that modern rapid practice in steel making had left the metal full of impurities, as compared with the old-fashioned hand-made iron, and that the presence of these impurities caused the rapid corrosion of the new fence wire.

As a result of this little bulletin issued by the Agriculture Department, the manufacture of pure iron on a commercial scale was successfully undertaken, and the product not only applied to wire fences, but also to the different forms of sheet metal, where rust resisting iron is an essential economy.

The Agriculture Department made a notable contribution to the science of the metallurgical industry of America in this discovery of the reason why steel and iron rust, and it is a matter of interest that Henry C. Wallace, who sent the first samples of rusted fence wire to Washington and thereby opened up this important investigation, is today heading the department.

The grandfather of Henry C. Wallace, the new Secretary of Agriculture, came from Ireland in 1830 and settled on a farm in Pennsylvania. His father entered the ministry and removed to Iowa, but because of his health he resigned his pastorate and took to farming. It was on one of these farms in Adair County, Iowa, that the future Secretary of Agriculture went through the experiences of farmer boy life, going to school in the winter and working in the summer.

Thirsting for an education, Henry C. Wallace entered the State Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, in 1885, but was only able to continue his course two years when he was obliged to take over the management of one of the family's farms, which he worked for five years.

It was while on the farm that Mr. Wallace began his first editorial work for the agricultural papers of Iowa and adjoining states. His work attracted the attention of the professors of agriculture in the universities, and resulted in many warm friendships on the part of young Wallace with the leading agriculturists of the day.

It was the friendly urging of friends that sent Mr. Wallace back to Ames College to finish his education, and it was here that he met James Wilson, later Secretary of Agriculture, who was professor of agriculture and director of the experiment station at Ames.

Henry C. Wallace finished his previous course in the fall of 1892, and was made assistant professor of agriculture in the spring of 1893 by "Tama Jim."

From this point on his rise in the agricultural world has been a steady one. For seventeen years he was secretary of the Corn Belt Meat Producers Association, and since 1895 has been connected with his brother, John P. Wallace, and his father, in the publication of *Wallace's Farmer*.

One of the most important divisions of the Agriculture Department, now headed by Secretary Wallace, is the department of Good Roads. When President Harding emphasized good roads in his message to Congress, he hit a responsive chord in the heart of the people of America.

Federal aid has been a great stimulus to highway production throughout the country. It has resulted in the establishment of state highway departments in every state. Through it has come about the training of a body of engineers capable of intelligently designing and supervising road work, and the coordination of state highway departments to direct it. Through its influence, more than forty states have established main road systems, which aggregate approximately eight per cent of the total mileage of rural roads. It has brought about a better understanding of the nation's needs for roads, and a better understanding of the adjustment of road types to road traffic.

During the war period, road construction was limited. During 1919, and the early part of 1920, rising costs of labor and materials induced the adoption of a moderate program of construction to avoid undue interference with the labor and material supplies for other activities. These conditions affected all road construction, whether Federal aid or work done entirely by the states and local authorities. During 1920, the unfavorable railroad transportation conditions worked a great hardship to road construction. In the latter part of 1920, adverse influences were less apparent, and a limited amount of road construction was resumed. In the spring of 1921, with falling prices, an abundance of labor, and more favorable transportation conditions, it seems as though the construction season of 1921 would see an unprecedented amount of road work done.

The act of 1916 appropriated \$75,000,000 for post roads, and the act of 1919, \$200,000,000, making a total appropriation of \$275,000,000. A reading of the act will show that the work is co-operative at practically every step, the initiative being with the state highway departments. The Secretary of Agriculture, however, reserves the right to disapprove projects which do not provide such a construction as may be properly maintained to give efficient and continuous service under the

traffic which it is indicated will be developed. Further, there must be satisfactory guarantees of proper maintenance of the road when constructed before an allotment of Federal funds will be made to it.

This apportionment was made in the following manner: One-third in the ratio which the area of each state bears to the total area of all the states; one-third in the ratio which the population of each state bears to the total population of all the states

Of the total amounts apportioned to states, \$155,320,799 was under construction or completed on March 1, 1921. The total mileage under construction and completed on this date was 22,032, and the total estimated cost for this mileage, \$361,946,-868. The total mileage of the completed portions of the roads under construction is approximately 8,450, and the total mileage for projects entirely completed is 4,980, making a total completed mileage of 13,430. During 1920, a little over



HON. HENRY C. WALLACE
The new Secretary of Agriculture in President Harding's Cabinet

as shown by the latest available Federal census, and one-third in the ratio which the mileage of rural delivery routes and star routes in each state bears to the total mileage of rural delivery and star routes in all the states at the close of the next preceding year, as shown by the annual certificate of the Postmaster-General. To maintain the roads constructed is the duty of the states or their civil subdivisions, according to the laws of the several states, and Federal aid may be discontinued in case of non-maintenance.

\$90,000,000 of Federal aid road funds were put under contract, and it is assumed that were it available, between \$125,000,000 and \$150,000,000 would be put under contract during 1921. There are available, however, for this purpose but a little over \$100,000,000.

With such a program outlined and the work to a large extent underway, the day of good roads in America is not far distant. On this one platform the city and country stand together, for it is the basis of the entire economic structure of our lives.

AROUND THE CORNER

AROUND the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
For Life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game;

Tired with trying to make a name.
"To-morrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
And the distance between us grows and grows.
Around the corner—yet miles away—

"Here's a telegram, Sir"
"Jim died to-day!"
And that's what we get, and deserve in the end,
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

—David G. Goodwillie

New Faces in the Senate

By FLOYD WAYNE



HERE are portraits of the newly elected United States Senators in alphabetical photographic array who are adjudged good-looking and capable men.

Heflin of Alabama appears a trifle stern, while Watson of Georgia looks his part as a radical. Shortridge of California, McKinley of Illinois, Ernst of Kentucky and Gooding of Idaho qualify for the front row at the ballet, inviting prospects for a hair restorer campaign.

Weller of Maryland can be set down as a mathematical wizard. No graduate of the United States Naval Academy could have got his sheepskin without smashing the barbed wire entanglements of science. Orvington E. Weller is the Republican leader in Baltimore. As chairman of the State Roads Commission he made the highways of Maryland a movement for prosperity.

A typical Southerner in manners and apparel, and a Democrat to the core is James Thomas Heflin of Alabama—a native

son of that state, fifty years of age on April 9. He is a lawyer bearing a load of legislative experience heavy enough to make an ordinary man round-shouldered, having served two terms in the Alabama House and been snatched for senatorial honors from the National House of Representatives in his ninth term there.

Arizona turned down Ralph Henry Cameron when he ran for the Senate in 1911, but nine years of reflection convinced the voters that it was folly to try to keep a good man down. His donning of the senatorial toga will not mark his first congressional experience, for he was the delegate from Arizona territory when it was advanced to statehood. For six years he was sheriff of his county. Although now like Lochinvar coming out of the west,



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HON. WILLIAM B. MCKINLEY
United States Senator (Republican) from
Illinois

he is a "Downeaster" born at Southport, Maine, October 21, 1863. He is the man who blazed the trail in the Grand Canyon. He does things on a big scale.

Among those attaining promotion from the popular branch by violence—that is, by throwing out the man that held the place before—is Thaddeus H. Caraway, Democrat of Arkansas,



HON. SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE
United States Senator (Republican) from California

who defeated Senator Kirby running to succeed himself. Senator Caraway had served four terms in the House, so that he knows all the ropes in the capital. For two terms prior to his congressional experience he was prosecuting attorney of the second judicial circuit in Arkansas. This is his jubilee year, as he was born October 17, 1871, in Stoddard county, Missouri.

Frank R. Gooding of Idaho has a good deal of the McKinley head and features, yet, alas, he can never be President. He might have been a Porto Rican, or he might have been a Hawaiian, but, dash the blooming luck, he was born an Englishman. This did not prevent his being Governor of Idaho for four years, nor yet his service in the state senate. Coming to this country in 1867 his parents settled in Michigan, from where they went to California, finally locating in Idaho. Gooding has made good. Several hundred thousand acres blossom as the



HON. FRANK B. WILLIS
United States Senator (Republican) from Ohio

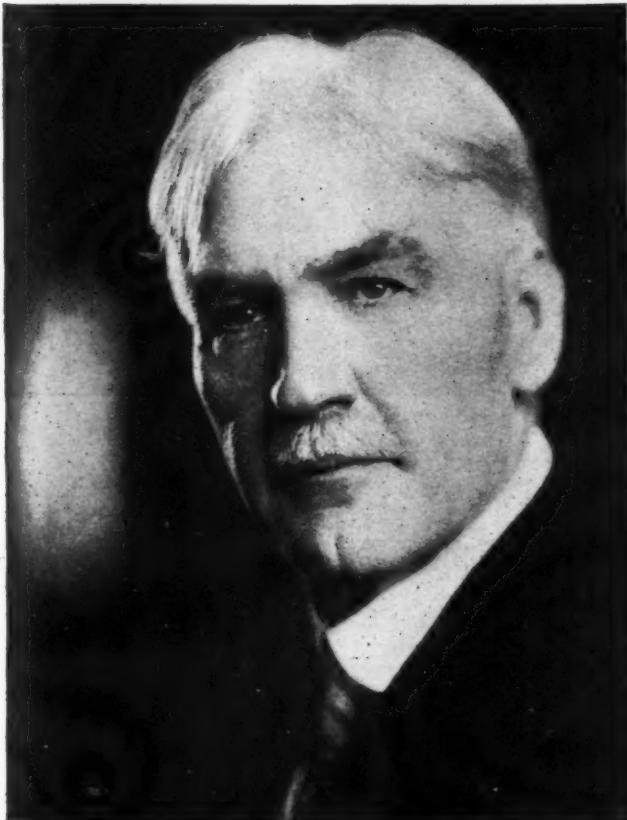


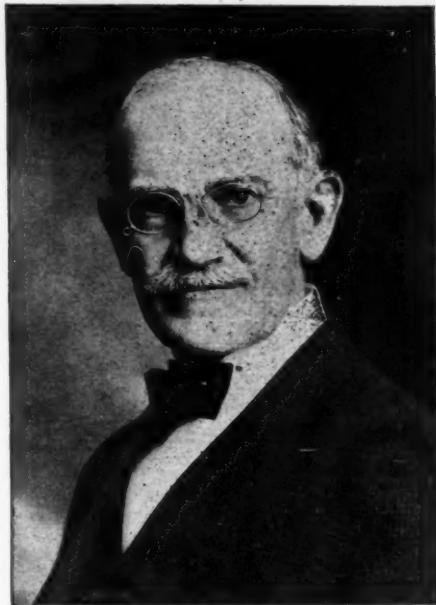
Photo by
Harris & Ewing
HON. JOHN W. HARRELL
United States Senator (Republican) from Oklahoma

rose under his proprietary sway and he is one of the largest sheepowners in the country. A prior attempt he made to enter the world's greatest legislative body was frustrated by the election of the Democratic candidate on that occasion.

One man in national legislation always counted wise, just and cool is William Brown McKinley of Illinois, who usefully served his district and the nation in the House for eight years. An Illinoisan, born at Petersburg sixty-four years ago last September, Mr. McKinley is a big man in that big state. A constructor of public utilities, head of two of the largest transportation companies of Illinois, he has long been prominent in public affairs also. Mr. McKinley is a Republican in fair weather or storms.

Nevada has chosen one of its former governors for the Senate, a Brooklyn "strap-hanger" by birth, who went to Nevada in 1898 when twenty-eight years old. Prominent in mining operations, Senator Tasker Lowndes Oddie was a developer of the Tonopah mines. Besides serving four years in the state senate he was governor from 1910 to 1914. To reach the Senate of the United States it was his painful necessity to administer the "keep out" at the polls to a Democrat.

A solid man comes from North Dakota. His intellectual and wholesome-looking face would be a passport into the most exclusive savant bodies anywhere. Professor Edwin Fremont Ladd is the man, a Republican who enlisted the whole-souled support of the Nonpartisan League in his election campaign. He is a chemist of high and wide renown, holding membership in many scientific organizations. Twenty-two years ago he was editor of the *North Dakota Farmer*, food



HON. RICHARD P. ERNST
United States Senator (Republican) from Kentucky



HON. THOMAS E. WATSON
United States Senator (Democrat) from Georgia



HON. JAMES THOMAS HEFLIN
United States Senator (Democrat) from Alabama

commissioner of his state in 1902 and, since February 28, 1916 has been president of the North Dakota Agricultural College.

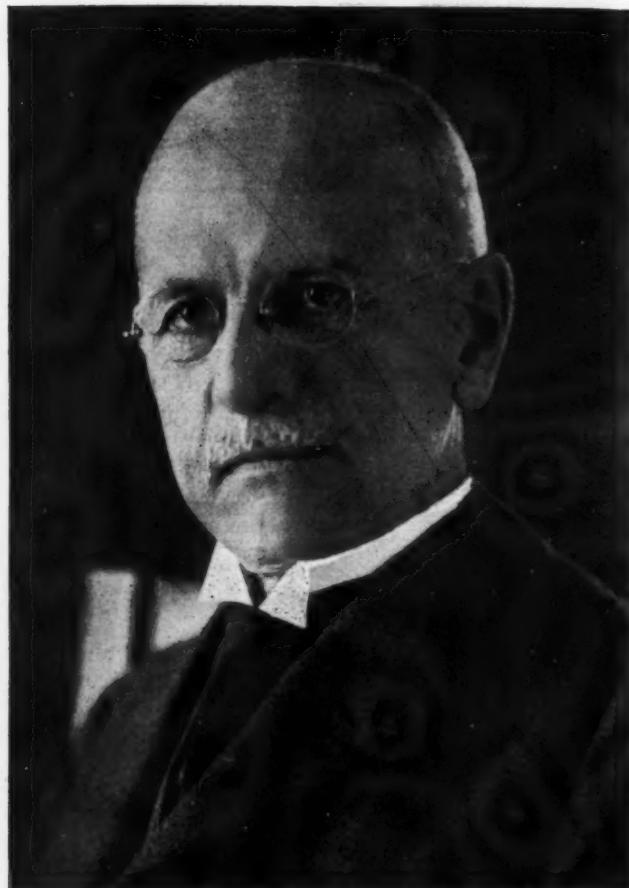
To fill the senatorial brogans of President Harding is the conspicuous role of Frank Bartlette Willis, Republican of Ohio. That the shoes will be so loose as to generate bunions need not be feared. To scan that classic and healthy profile shown in



Photo by
Harris & Ewing
HON. FRANK R. GOODING
United States Senator (Republican) from Idaho

the portrait is to be tempted to lay futurity stakes upon Senator Willis. Don't be silly enough to entertain the notion that the day of the schoolmaster in high national politics is gone forever. Mr. Willis is a native son of the state where presidential timber grows. He was born at Lewis Center, Ohio, December 28, 1871, hence is another Solon to have a jubilee birthday this year. After long service as an educator he took up law and was admitted to the bar in 1908. Two terms in the state legislature and four years in the national House surely have been sufficient practice in statecraft in which to have had his eye teeth cut. He was governor of the Buckeye State from 1915 to 1917, and to him fell the honor of nominating Harding at Chicago.

Another promotion from the House, where he was placed to fill an unexpired term, is that of John William Harrel, Republican, of Oklahoma. In that election he presented his district to his party, as it was normally more than five



HON. ORVINGTON E. WELLER
United States Senator (Republican) from Maryland

thousand Democratic. Mr. Harrel is in his fiftieth year, having been born at Morgantown, Kentucky. After eleven years of success in the practice of law he retired in 1917.

There is one face that expresses sturdiness. It is a typical Norseman's face, a strong and thoughtful physiognomy, it belongs to Peter Norbeck. He comes as a Republican to the Senate from South Dakota, his native state, in whose Senate he served three terms, besides one term as lieutenant-governor. His birth place was Vermilion and he will be fifty-one on August 27 next. He is in the well-drilling business. Now it is up to him to drill holes in extravagant estimate and improvident measures.

Here's one that looks the part of the stormy petrel that he has always been in politics and journalism. Nominally a Democrat, Thomas E. Watson of Georgia will be found in the upper chamber of Congress "hitting (Continued on page 115)

He came from the old, mysterious East

Son of Cathay Now Good American

Remembering that this man's ancestors practiced many of the arts of Civilization two thousand years before the Christian era began, makes us feel painfully young and awkward

TFor every alien landing in the United States had the pluck, purpose, and industry of Charles M. Toy of Milwaukee, there would be no Americanization problem. His patriotic sentiment soon flowered after landing on American shores, and the keen business ability of Wing Lung just naturally christened him with an American name. He is now known all over the land as Charles M. Toy.

At the age of nineteen this lad from Canton, China, arrived in America with one package of clothing, a queue, and a determination. He started in at once to become, in act and deed, an American, and first of all began learning the English language in the "University of Hard Knocks." His genius for business soon asserted itself, and everyone liked to do business with him. He began in Oshkosh in a modest way, but later moved to Milwaukee, and is now one of the honored residents of the state of Wisconsin. The headquarters of his firm, Wing

Lung & Company, was established in Milwaukee, but soon had branches established all over the country, taking rank as the leading dealer in Chinese merchandise in the United States.

Charles M. Toy is a name that is familiar in mercantile and banking circles throughout the world. He knows real estate as well as merchandise, and has the vision, thrift, and foresight of a real Yankee. He lives in a fine home in Milwaukee and knows how to generously provide for and educate his children.

He is soon to return to China on a brief visit to show his children and grandchildren the home of their forefathers. The party includes twenty-five—no wonder that Theodore Roosevelt was his friend. Many of the children and grandchildren have graduated from the universities and have become a part of his business enterprises. Charles M. Toy feels that there is no country on earth like America, and points to his family of Toys, big and little, to show that there is not much playtime for the head of a thriving family, even in the U. S. A.



A striking family group—Charles Toy in the midst of his children and grandchildren



CHARLES M. TOY

One of the best-known Chinese merchants in the United States. He is as proud of his Americanism as any descendant of the Pilgrims, and is a fine example of the blending of the scrupulous honesty and amazing industry of the oldest civilization of the Old World with the progressive business ideals of the New World

To dine with Charles Toy is like partaking of a feast with Epicure. It is a suggestion of the halcyon days of when food was food. The Chinese cook is a natural chemist. He does not go by formula, but he knows the chemical values of foods instinctively.

A lover of age-old proverbs handed down from the time of Confucius, he has created business epigrams that have attracted the attention of modern business philosophers. "Honesty endures" is a motto that has come down with the traditions. No nation in the world ever more fully exemplified this proverb than the native land of Charles M. Toy.

It is delightful to hear this keen American, born in China, at sixty years of age comment upon the business philosophy of today. He has a keen sense of humor and enjoys a joke with his friends, and builds up his friendships by sterling methods. His appreciation of American institutions is explained in the generous support of the country during the war that was above that of the average of many individuals of equal wealth and prominence born in America. His contributions revealed his interpretation of real patriotism.

His business extends all over the world, and his family is scattered. Sons and grandsons, born in America, are sent to China to learn every angle of his business. There is nothing in the way of Chinese products that is not known to Charles M. Toy and his firm. He brings the delicacies of the Orient for the sated palate of the Occident. He keeps in touch with current affairs and is personally acquainted with many prominent men. When it comes to a real estate deal, he is all there. And why not? He hails from a land where they appreciate the value of every foot of soil, not only for what it represents today, but for what it may be tomorrow.

The greatest achievement of his life, he insists, is to feel that he is honored by his American friends, and deserving of their approval. They hail Charles M. Toy as an inspiring example of how the opportunities that are open to every young man or woman, whether an American or foreigner, in getting on in the United States, can be utilized.

"Get something people want and need for their happiness, and let them know about it through word of mouth, friend to friend." It is the talk that counts, insists Charles. Even the peacock feather accorded to mandarins of his race would not lure Charles Toy. His love of the big tail feathers of the American eagle and the right to whistle "Yankee Doodle" he considers the highest distinction the world can offer him.

FRANKLIN K. LANE, FRIEND TO HUMANITY, PASSES ON

THERE was something strong and vigorous and lovable in the personality of the late Franklin K. Lane, who was, withal, the most popular and one of the most capable members of President Wilson's cabinet. He was born in Canada, but no man expressed Americanism with more feeling and loyalty. His tribute to the flag will remain a classic.

He was a writer, speaker, and a newspaper man, and did much to develop the National Park system of the United States while he was Secretary of the Interior. He sat with me at the little round table in the corner and I heard him discourse in his quiet way upon the philosophy of life—but little did we dream that the end was so near.

He took the fifty-fifty chance on the operation, and his last letter, written facing the possibility of death, glorified his life philosophy.

He came to Washington as a member of the Interstate Commission and won his way by sheer ability.

At his request the remains were cremated and scattered to the winds from the top of El Capitan peak in the Yosemite Valley, California. He had spent much of his life in the Yosemite Valley and had grown to love it so much that he wished his ashes taken there when he died.

Well do I remember his tribute. In fact, I remember his saying "that the nearest place to heaven on earth was in God's temple, the woods and trees of Yosemite."



Photo by Clinedinst

THE LATE FRANKLIN K. LANE

One of Nature's noblemen. An untiring servant in the service of the public welfare, and one who will be long mourned by those who had come to know and love him best

The eyes of the world are on them

Harding and His Cabinet

The men upon whose shoulders rest the weighty state affairs of a great nation

HEN the cabinet of President Harding gathers for bi-weekly meetings on Tuesdays and Fridays, the "busy" signal is out at the executive office of the Chief Executive of the U. S. A. The ten members, good and true, arrive with the air of men who have worked and are anxious to see what the brother members think of their work and seeking further information. Every cabinet officer seems adapted for his responsibilities. There is constant evidence of team work—pulling together for a common purpose—rather than exploring for high peaks of publicity to build up individual fame. The cabinet gathered around the Chief Executive's council board with President Harding, in some respects, has never been surpassed. It is counted the strongest cabinet, taken as a whole, since Lincoln's days.

It represents a group of men particularly strong in knowledge, experience, and achievement, and the personnel of each member concerning the work directly related to the business of the individual departments which they direct. It operates on the co-operative plan. There are no square plugs in round holes. The multifarious administration problems of the country are subjected first to the demands of a co-ordinated national policy of economy, justice, and progress.

Next to President Harding, the Secretary of State, ranking member of the cabinet, takes his chair, in full view of the portrait of Lincoln over the mantel. Charles Evans Hughes is a combination of judicial poise and the vigor of an advocate. A mature statesman, still a degree on the sunny side of sixty, he brings to administration counsels a master mind in international law and the simple tenets of justice and common sense. His national status was demonstrated when, against the handicap of an opposing slogan that proved a false cry of "keeping us out of war," he failed of election as President of the United States by only a few electoral votes. As governor of the Empire State, as an associate justice of the Supreme Court, as a university lecturer on law, as a federal high commissioner and as government counsel in momentous national litigation, his wide and varied experience directly qualified him for the post of first diplomat of the nation. Secretary Hughes comes to the august conclave with matters of the State Department thought out. There is nothing indefinite or inchoate in the lines of policy he lays on the board. When he writes a note, the meaning and purpose is easily and thoroughly understood, with a finality that comes with the presence of a period at the end of the sentence.

* * * * *

When the Secretary of the Treasury gently slips into his chair at the President's left, things begin to move. His life has been one continuous succession of solving fiscal problems. A master of finance, vigorous on the verge of three-score and ten, the keeper of the national strong-box, Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, is an earnest listener at the cabinet table. In matters of finance, public and private, his mind is as clear as distilled water in a crystal carafe. Nobody else in the country more thoroughly understands large business and financial questions. Knowing Wall Street through and through, he is an authority on banks and banking, industries and business, from hamlet to metropolis. In his time he has been one

of the country's outstanding masters of industrial finance, in which connection he founded the Pennsylvania town of Donora. There are those who insist that when he completes and works out the gigantic fiscal policy of refunding and meeting war's indebtedness, and the budget of Uncle Sam, the country will be calling him "Uncle Andy." When he signs letters on the little round table at his office under the gaze of Alexander Hamilton over the mantel, he goes to the root of questions with the acid test of cause and effect.

* * * * *

It was ordained by tradition that a civilian must always serve as Secretary of War, but for the business of war a proved warrior is a fitting man. To suit American ideals of national protection and preparedness, the administrator of things military is identified, first, with matters of civil government. John Wingate Weeks fills the bill in both respects mentioned. He is a Spanish War veteran, serving as captain in the naval reserve. A native of New Hampshire, a little on the shady side of sixty, he has a record of eight years in the House of Representatives and one term in the Senate of the United States from Massachusetts. Also he was an alderman and the mayor of Newton, Massachusetts. In temperament his poise is never-failing. Good-natured and kindly in disposition, he is the right kind of man to hold in leash the dogs of war. "For advice in a matter requiring judgment, go to Weeks," is a proverbial sentiment among those who know him. He is never ruffled and always human. The rush and stress incident to the reorganization of the army does not jar him from the objective of an army that will first meet any requirement of national defense, operated on a business basis in harmony with the spirit of the times. Secretary Weeks is already counted one of the best secretaries the war department has known in many years.

* * * * *

Supervision of the timberland over which the flag waves within national boundary lines; of the forests that clothe a thousand hills; of the mineral wealth nature has stored beneath the surface of the land—it is a man's job. It involves knowledge of the country's natural resources, of the rights of states and the people, of law and equity, and of varied industrial technique. A man trained in matters coming under charge of the Secretary of the Interior adequately is Secretary Albert B. Fall. He looks the part. He knows the "interior" of this union of states. As farmer, rancher, miner, he is a man of the plains, and man of the mountains and forests. His record as lawyer, judge, statesman, qualifies him for service in the councils, where the business of the nation is put in shape. Entering the United States Senate nine years ago, he was taken from his seat in that illustrious body and placed in the cabinet, because he knew the country from all boundaries and had been very close to the Rio Grande border and its problems. He has a role to play which might frighten one of lighter calibre, but those who know Secretary Fall also know of his ability to make the Department of the Interior everything its functions demand, in development of every natural resource for the good of all the country, without restrictive red tape.

* * * * *

There is still further effective blend of qualifications for the position of the Secretary of the Navy. In business training,



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LATEST GROUP PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT HARDING AND HIS OFFICIAL ADVISERS

technical naval experience, practice of law, service as lawmaker, his equipment is extensive. To this must be added the fact that he is an impressive personality. Big, hale and hearty, lately turned fifty, possessing the spirit of a typical sailor, Edwin Denby took up the direction of naval affairs as naturally as a duck swims. When a young man he had a rare opportunity of grounding himself in business methods as a member of the Chinese customs service. His father was United States Minister to China. He served in the Spanish-American war as gunner's mate and later was in the Marines, where he attained the rank of major. After serving in the Michigan legislature he was in Congress for six years and then practiced law and made automobiles. His friends insist he must carry a dash of pitch on his necktie, for he carries the air of a jolly tar.

What of the P. M. G., to whom we look for the speedy and reliable transmission of our letters, papers, books, parcels, and money order exchanges? A business man of the first water is wanted for that billet. He arrives in the person of the genial and go-it-ive Will H. Hays. A youthful live wire he is, as ages of public men are reckoned—for he is only in his forty-third year. Yet many a career twice as long is less crowded with activities in the public eye. As a Republican war horse in state and national politics, culminating in his brilliant management of the Harding presidential campaign, his name stands for successful leadership. Mr. Hays was a lawyer and a bank director. A 32nd-degree Mason, a Shriner, and an Elk, his popular fame is further extended. In taking charge of the United States postal service he has made it clear from the start

that the hundreds of thousands of post office employees are to be treated by him as partners in this one of the biggest branches of business that Uncle Sam handles. With his humanization ideas and a Napoleonic genius for organization, Will Hays is always there for special delivery. He is first of all making the Post Office Department a credit to the republic—an example of service that will be reflected in business despatch all along the line.

Learning and experience are united in the case of the Secretary of Agriculture as closely as the blades upon the unhusked ear of corn. Fifty-five years old, Henry C. Wallace has a brain as alert as a steel trap. His life heretofore has had agricultural editorship and farm college professorship sandwiched with the publishing business, practical farming and stock raising, work in state and national organization of farm production and marketing. He knows farming from furrow to market f. o. b.—in fact, he is a master of details of production and distribution of food commodities. Secretary "Tama Jim" Wilson, who was head of the department under five administrations, was a great friend of his father. As a boy and young man Henry C. Wallace imbibed from the great Secretary of Agriculture much of the technique the position requires. Now he has found real work in his duties as successor of James Wilson and David F. Houston.

In the choice of minister of justice the President did not have to send out scouts. A lawyer whom he knew and trusted, and the people of his state had honored as one of their home lawmakers, was at his elbow. Harry M. Daugherty was manager of the Harding forces at the Chicago convention. Mr. Daugh-

erty as Attorney General is taking up the threads with the air of a man who means to keep the boards clean and minimize the law's delays in federal affairs. To keep watch and ward over the Constitution and enforce the statutes of the United States as he finds them is clearly his purpose. "Justice be done" is the motto that will explain his attitude toward all interests. Attorney-General Daugherty is sixty-one years of age and his thorough mastery of the red-taped department has amazed even his closest friends. He has already speeded up the wheels of justice, and will keep them grinding as fast as courts can handle the cases.

* * * *

One schooled in the maxim that in union is strength will naturally be expected to work for harmony in any company into which he is thrown. Given also the fact that he has been a leader, it may be taken for granted that he will be found loyal under leadership. He knows the responsibility of leading and the value of loyalty. Such was the preparation of James J. Davis for entrance into the executive organization of the national government as Secretary of Labor. Both as a labor leader and director-general of the Loyal Order of Moose, he has proved his capacity for organizing and controlling men en masse. Having held the fealty of six hundred thousand men, he hopes to win the confidence of millions of workers by fair play and justice. "Jim" Davis, as he is affectionately called by his friends, first saw the Statue of Liberty, from the deck of an immigrant ship, forty years before the day he was sworn into office in the President's cabinet. Coming from the mountains of Wales, he started his career in Pittsburg at the age of four. At eleven he began work as a puddler in a steel mill. When nineteen years old he removed to Elwood City, Indiana, where he did credit to his adopted citizenship, advancing to positions in city and county government. He has shown he knows how to settle strikes and secure a square deal—just the man to carry out his part of the Harding policy of fair treatment of all interests.

* * * *

One of the foundation stones of national prosperity is commerce, and the conduct of this department holds some of the most complicated problems of American statecraft today. It furnishes the outlet of mechanical and agricultural industry. It is one of the prime factors in national finance. For the

chieftaincy of this department, when the time for a change came near, it seemed that all eyes were turned upon one man. The entire country appeared to expect the President's choice would be Herbert C. Hoover. In many lands before he won national renown as war food administrator and international distinction, he worked as food engineer for suffering continents. He held a name for valor as one of the defenders of Tientsin in the Boxer uprising. Mr. Hoover is among the younger members of the President's council, short more than three years of the jubilee mark. Always neatly attired, of deliberate and thoughtful mien, he is counted good looking. Behind his good looks there is to be described a determination to fulfill every requirement of his department. Due to his professional training, he is disposed to treat everything from an engineering standpoint, with exactness of detail and accuracy of execution. His knowledge of men and methods adds power to his genius for initiative.

* * * *

Nothing about an engine is more important than a well-adjusted and properly-oiled connecting rod. Between fly wheel and axle of the Harding regime such an essential part, improved from former devices of that purpose, is found in the figure, pivoted at the foot of the table, of Vice-President Coolidge. He is the co-ordinating link between the Capitol and the White House. A man of few words, but a good listener, his tersely expressed counsel when given is highly valued. It is felt by very many that the presence of the *ex-officio* president of the Senate, with his advice and influence, will materially help in conserving harmony of relations between the executive and legislative branches, focusing the interests of the people into a symmetrical and co-ordinated form of government that means progress.

Every member of the cabinet seems to fully appreciate what other members are doing. President Harding, sitting at the head of the table, calling for reports, knows his men. He knows that sound judgment will season suggestions. The action of the cabinet is a deliberation in an act well balanced and one that can be depended upon. The personnel is all that he pledged. The results have surpassed the hopes of the most sanguine cabinet enthusiast. "It is a strong, hard-working, capable cabinet" say the people. And the people know things these days.

NEW FACES IN THE SENATE

Continued from page 110

wherever he sees a head." From schoolmaster to lawyer, at twenty-six he is found in the House of Representatives of his state. To the Fifty-second Congress of the United States he went as a Populist. A certificate of election claimed by him in 1892 and 1894 was denied. At the Populist National Convention in 1896, which endorsed Bryan for President, he was nominated for Vice-President. The People's Party nominated him for President in 1904. At last election Mr. Watson defeated Senator Hoke Smith for re-election. He has been a prolific writer for newspapers and magazines, as well as author of several books of standard grade. During the world war he incurred some notoriety from having his current publications denied admission to the mails.

Beneath a polished dome shines the soulful countenance of a Californian of brilliance, who is likely to win nationwide attention once he "gets going" in Washington. Samuel M. Shortridge, a San Francisco attorney, has been a "comer" in Republican politics of the Golden State for many years. Now that he has arrived at national stature, just watch his smoke. His family migrated to California, with a stop in Oregon, from Iowa where "Sam" was born on August 3, 1861. Mt. Pleasant in Henry County was his birthplace, and he grew up true to the name thereof, for a more pleasant chap

than his acquaintances have found Sam Shortridge does not live. He is a real orator.

The Republican tidal wave surprised none more than it did the Democratic candidate for the Senate in Kentucky, when it swept the ground from under his feet and floated Richard P. Ernst, Republican, into the office. An "a" and an "e" inserted respectively after the first and third letters of his name would make it harmonize with his portrait. "Earnestness," approaching grim determination, is surely stamped there.

An old warhorse of the Populists is Samuel D. Nicholson of Colorado, now a Republican, of whom it is related that, as chairman of the Populist State Convention at Pueblo, he maintained order with the aid of a barrel stave vigorously wielded—"the big stick" in reality.

Edwin S. Broussard, Democrat, succeeds to the Louisiana seat of his deceased brother, the late Senator Robert Broussard. The Broussards are an all-powerful family in Iberia County and the name is an institution in the state.

With the legislative prestige of having been Speaker of the Oregon Legislature, Robert N. Stanfield comes to the Senate as a Republican from that state and there will be a decisive note heard in the Senate now and then with biting "r's" from the state "Where Rolls the Oregon."

Career of a Noted Boston Editor

Edwin A. Grozier, publisher of the newspaper having the largest morning circulation in the United States

TEN years from leaving college to becoming one of the foremost journalists in the United States makes a record that proves good stuff in its possessor. An inheritor of millions might have made the jump quicker, to outward seeming, but in the case of Edwin A. Grozier the gap was bridged by work. Having studied in Brown University in 1878 and 1879, Mr. Grozier took the degree of bachelor of philosophy in Boston University two years later.

Forthwith he started, at the foot of the ladder, as a reporter, successively on the Boston *Globe* and *Herald*. Then he took an inside look at public life for two years as private secretary to Governor Robinson of Massachusetts. Journalism caught him again the latter part of 1885, when he became private secretary to Joseph Pulitzer, the permanently famous editor and publisher of the New York *World*. City editor of the *World* in 1887, Mr. Grozier was in turn managing editor of the *Evening* and of the *Sunday World* until 1891.

His ambition was to own a newspaper himself, so he returned to Boston and secured an option to purchase the *Post*, which was in a bad way financially, and had less than twenty-five hundred (2500) circulation. The *Post* was established in 1831, and about the time of the Civil War was considered one of Boston's leading dailies. But newspapers, like individuals, have their "ups and downs," and when Mr. Grozier took over the *Post* in 1891, it was "down" and nearly out. In less than twenty-five years Mr. Grozier transformed it into the "Great Breakfast Table Paper of New England," with the largest circulation of any morning newspaper in America.

Remembering Mr. Grozier's early connection with Mr. Pulitzer, it is of more than passing interest to note that the gold medal of the Joseph Pulitzer Foundation has just been awarded to the Boston *Post* for the most distinguished and meritorious public service rendered by any newspaper in the United States during the year 1920. This much-coveted blue ribbon of journalism was awarded the *Post* for its exposure of Charles Ponzi, admitted to have been the most ingenious and picturesque swindler of the age.

For days after the *Post* launched its expose, most of the public, and even many of the authorities, believed Ponzi and his scheme to be sound and, in the face of such adverse opinion and developments which looked bad for the *Post* and good for Ponzi, the *Post* continued its crusade. Under general instructions issued by Mr. Richard Grozier, assistant editor and publisher, and son of Edwin A., who was absent from the city, the campaign waged hot and interesting. This expose was more than a newspaper story—there was a background that went deep into political and financial circles. When the inevitable crash came and the bubble burst, not only was Ponzi unmasked, but a large Trust company closed its doors, and while millions of the public's money were lost, many millions more were saved by the *Post's* fearless denunciation and tireless gathering of evidence which finally convicted Ponzi.

Another feat which the Boston *Post* accomplished last year was to lead every newspaper in the world in the volume of national advertising carried. The space buyer of a large and well-

known Philadelphia advertising agency listed the Boston *Post* as "the only evening newspaper in the United States published in the morning."

Edwin Atkins Grozier comes from the very oldest New England stock; in fact, there are few families in the country who can date back any farther than his. His father was one of that famous race of Provincetown sea captains and Mr. Grozier was born aboard ship. His mother had accompanied his father on a long, hazardous voyage from Provincetown, and just as the vessel entered the Golden Gate, the baby, who was to be one of the greatest journalists in the country, came into the world. Mr. Grozier married Alice G. Goodell, of Salem, Massachusetts, November 26, 1885, and their home is at 168 Brattle Street, Cambridge.

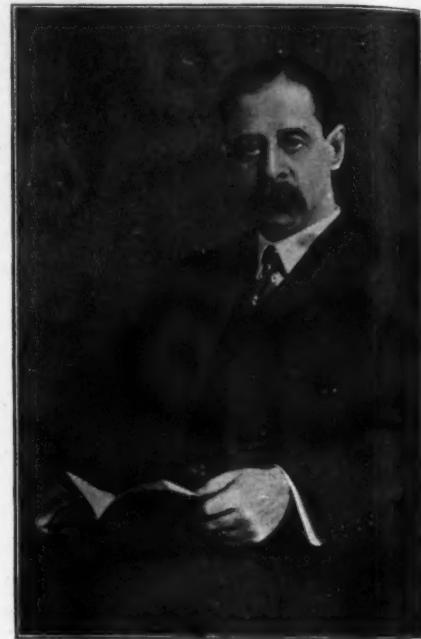
While the *Post* is staunchly Democratic in politics, yet it is strictly independent. It maintains the right to criticize its friends in public life as it deems the good of the country requires. Its invariable fairness in discussing policies and persons of other than its own political complexion is one of the chief elements of its acknowledged greatness. Readers will look in vain for sheer partisanship, for malicious interpretation or for vituperative rhetoric in the editorial columns of the Boston *Post*. Likewise in its news columns suppression or misrepresentation of intelligence from partisan motives, or for the advantage of any interest, is never discernible. It gives "all the news," please or displease whom it may.

Calm and incisive, clear and ingenuous, shedding common sense in words that do not require uncommon sense to interpret, *Post* editorials hold the essential quality of being "readable." Brevity, the soul of wisdom as of wit, is among their outstanding characteristics. When Editor Grozier has said a thing, he stops. That is why *Post* readers do not skip the editorials or the comments of the "Observer"—written directly from the editorial chair. If occasionally a *Post* article runs to length, it will yet be found "clear meat" all through. The *Post* seems to blend in its editorial the humor of Newkirk and the home features that appeal to the average reader in his search for information, together with that rare touch of heart-sureness characteristic of Mr. Grozier and his work.

There is always a practical side in the story of the development of the *Post*. Mr. Grozier understood early in his career the exactions of mechanical equipment. The pressroom of the *Post* now extends five floors below the street, and, although already possessing the largest newspaper press in the world, a still larger press than this present world-beater will soon be whirring its song for the millions far below the "madding crowds" along Washington Street.

To think that out of this Boston mine of newspaper production comes a white messenger that goes into and through the hands of millions of people every day furnishes a thrilling idea of what newspapers mean in the home life of the people of New England. The *Post* in some way appeals to the strong, home-loving instinct characteristic of New England—the basic ideal of the Republic.

When the Zain Advertising Service Company decided to enter New England with its unique



EDWIN A. GROZIER

Editor and publisher of "The Boston Post"

and clever ad-writing contest, it selected the Boston *Post* to carry the campaign because of its immense dominating circulation, not only in Boston and the immediate metropolitan district, but throughout the other important population centers in the wide territory covered by that paper. The fact that many, many thousands of *Post* readers immediately became entrants in the contest and showed their interest in advertising generally, and in the twenty-four products featured in the campaign in particular, is evidenced by the amazing number of over half a million advertising ideas or suggestions received for the first week of the contest.

The wide interest taken in advertising and the familiarity of so many people with merchandise and methods of publicity expression was a revelation, even to the experienced advertising men who are conducting the campaign and the members of the Pilgrim Publicity Association who serve as judges each week. One of the outstanding points brought out in this avalanche of replies is the value of a simple advertising idea. The majority of the replies are short, and yet a great number contained terse and valuable selling arguments that were remarkably clever.

The replies were fairly evenly divided between the metropolitan section of Boston and outside districts, and this is also true as to the prize-winners. There is an average of three hundred prizes distributed every week, to stimulate effort and maintain the interest. All of the prize-winners are eligible for the grand prizes of \$1,000 and \$500 at the end of the contest, which covers a period of ten weeks. The two-fold purpose of the contest, to educate people to the importance of advertising as well as focus attention on the twenty-four products joined in this campaign, is being attained beyond all expectations.

What can be accomplished with a medium having the tremendous covering quality of the Boston *Post* when concentrated on an idea like this ad-writing contest is demonstrated most forcibly by the remarkable results, which are self-evident to all who have watched the progress of this unusual campaign.

The wealth of ideas coming in on all of the twenty-four products is proving of special interest to the advertising departments of the various concerns and some already have been adopted in the publicity of these products.

Switzerland the Picturesque

By
MARIE WIDMER

The heaven of rest for ex-royalties is more than ever the land of promise for health and pleasure-seekers

WHEN ex-King Constantine with family and suite left Lucerne—his home during exile—a few months ago, to once more assume the triumphs and tribulations of a King, there was much speculation among the colony of titled exiles in the land of the Alps as to the possibilities of others to follow suit. Then, like a thunderbolt, news spread that ex-Emperor Charles of Austria, who had been leading the life of a dignified, rather secluded country squire at Villa Prangins, on the Lake of Geneva, had left Switzerland without official permission and was making efforts to re-establish his throne in Hungary. But, contrary to Constantine's case, when the people were clamoring for their former ruler, the Hungarians had no desire whatsoever to see Charles reinstated as their King, and the final outcome was that he had to join his family again in Switzerland and be grateful that the Swiss overlooked his political adventure.

The ex-Imperial family of Austria made their first sojourn on Swiss soil in Castle Wartegg on the Lake of Constance, a chateau which actually belongs to the ducal family of Parma, of which ex-Emperor Zita is a member. However, the ancient chateau proved too small, and a few months later, in 1919, Charles settled himself comfortably in the palatial Villa Prangins on the Lake of Geneva.

This, one of the finest estates in Switzerland, belonged at one time to ex-King Joseph Bonaparte of Spain, later to Prince Jerome Napoleon, and the actual owner now is Prince Louis Bonaparte, the younger and only brother of Prince Victor Napoleon, the Bonapartist pretender. Being a soldier by profession and a cousin of Victor Emanuel III, Prince Louis spent



ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND, IN SUMMER

most of his time during the last war as a spectator at the Italian front.

It is rumored that Charles, on account of his recent ill-calculated venture, will transfer his domicile from the Lake of Geneva to the Lake of Lucerne, where he has already done some "house-hunting." One of the estates under consideration is the beautifully-situated Castle Heidegg, the property of a Lucerne patrician family, Pfyffer-von Heidegg.

Lucerne, ever famous for its perfect scenic beauty, would probably welcome the opportunity of sheltering this interesting family in its vicinity, for Constantine's presence there proved an irresistible lure for many tourists. But Lucerne in summer is so fascinating and offers so many attractions that it is really of no account whether it can feature any ex-notables or not.

As a city, it is both modern and quaint. The palatial hotels and smart shops, the spacious lake promenades and attractive villas form a delightful contrast against the relics of the past; the picturesque



THE ROMANTIC CASTLE OF TARASP IN THE LOWER ENGADINE

medieval wooden bridges spanning the River Reuss, the characteristic octagonal water tower, the proud Musegg fortifications and artistic painted houses.

Special features of the coming Lucerne summer season will, of course, be the events on the lake, the annual horse races



A CHARMING LANDSCAPE NEAR RAGAZ, SWITZERLAND

and tennis and golf matches. Native Swiss singing and gymnastic societies as well as rifle clubs often hold their annual summer festival at Lucerne, thus introducing the native atmosphere so much enjoyed by foreign guests. A new golf course has just been completed on the Dietschyberg, in lieu of the one formerly in use on the Sonnenberg, and with the Lucerne section of the Swiss Automobile Club ever on the lookout for the improvement of roads in that region, an almost endless choice of interesting excursions awaits the pleasure of automobilists.

A Swiss city which is bound to receive an unusually large quota of guests this summer is Zurich, where a "Great International Music Festival" from June 16 to July 8 will mark the opening of the season. This festival, similar to those of Bayreuth and Munich in pre-war days, only with international character, is to be the first of henceforth annual festivals, which eventually will represent every civilized country. For this summer actual musical participation will probably be limited to France, Germany, Italy, and England. American participation is problematic because of the great expense involved in bringing an orchestra or an opera company all the way to Europe. American musicians have, of course, been invited.

During and after this event the season's program of this largest of Swiss cities promises horse races, sailing and rowing regattas and various important tennis matches.

Zurich, at the time of the great upheaval in Germany and Austria in the fall of 1918, was a particularly favorite refuge of fallen dignitaries, both from the highest ranks of the nobility and the military cast. These more or less illustrious persons have departed long ago, but there are still a goodly number of titled guests who prefer to live on their dwindled incomes in some moderate-priced Swiss pension, as Switzerland is, after all, the country in Europe where every visitor receives full equivalent for his money. Instances have also been related of former Countesses, who used to be leaders among the smart colony of guests, now occupying governess positions in the democratic land of the Alps.

Switzerland is known as a diminutive country, but this very feature is one of its charms. After having enjoyed a sojourn in one or several of the many enchanting lake cities, where day trips to the surrounding mountain heights awaken a longing to go higher up still, one can within a short time reach the rejuvenating realm of regular Alpine resorts, the ideal places for walking and climbing, with a wealth of exquisite blossoms beckoning as a reward. Swimming, boating and fishing, as well as golf and tennis are in the group of outdoor amusements for which every resort plans some lively contests and concerts, while theatricals and various social functions indoors serve to balance the general program.

But the land of the Alps has been further blessed, for it is rich in mineral springs equalling and even surpassing in their curative value the best known Spas of various neighboring countries. Simple thermal waters are, for instance, found at Ragaz-Pfaeffers, the gateway to the lovely Grisons; waters belonging to the alkaline variety are characteristic of restful Passugg near Coire and stately Tarasp-Schuls-Vulpera in the Lower Engadine has a choice of sulphated muriated alkaline and alkaline chalybeate waters. Arsenical chalybeate waters distinguish romantic

Val Sinestra, a diminutive Spa not far from Tarasp. In the same region of Switzerland, in the Upper Engadine, is fashionable St. Moritz with natural carbonic acid steel-baths. On the Rhine near Basel are the brine-baths of the quaint little town of Rheinfelden, with similar waters available at Bex, southeast of the Lake of Geneva. Thermal sulphur waters, already discovered by the Romans, are a feature of the attractive town of Baden, in the canton of Argovie, and cold sulphur waters are characteristic of Gurnigel near Berne.

As the majority of these watering places enjoy at the same time unusual natural beauty and an invigorating Alpine climate, they have come in for a fair share of titled guests who, as a result of their more or less sad experiences and disappointments during the world war, in all probability needed an all-around cure.

The Castle of Zizers, near Coire, at one time was also the retreat of the ex-King Ludwig of Bavaria, and his eldest daughter Hildegard, and the carefully renovated Castle of Tarasp in the Lower Engadine, which is perhaps the most beautifully-situated stronghold in the whole of Switzerland, has become the permanent home of the ex-Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hessen. Guests of that delightful group of Spas, Tarasp-Schuls-Vulpera, can conveniently walk or drive up to that ancient feudal residence, and if they arrive at about 4 P.M. they will have an opportunity to visit the interior and perhaps get a glance at the inhabitants as well, who, in their new role as mere citizens in the world's model democracy, are throwing open their new domain every day from 4 to 5 or 6 P.M. during the summer season.

Health and pleasure seekers in Switzerland will thus have opportunities to encounter many personages whose name once carried weight, but who in the little mountain republic have to become converted, so to speak, to the principles which are in every way in harmony with the laws of real democracy—simplicity and equality—if they want to endear themselves to the natives.

A few pages of gossip about **Affairs and Folks**

*Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes
about some people who are doing worth-while things*

YEARS ago I met a young Kentuckian lately landed in New York to make his way. He had a genial manner and a sparkling eye—he was then in the insurance business—and had a convincing, insuring and assuring way about him. He was a man of ideas and ideals. Every one who met him said: "This young man will



FREDERICK A. WALLIS

United States Commissioner of Immigration, Port of New York

carve out his own future." As the years passed on he made good in everything he undertook. When he was appointed Immigration Commissioner of the Port of New York those who knew him knew that he would master the problems.

Frederick A. Wallis made sweeping changes at America's gateway of immigration. He inaugurated a humanizing progress characteristic of the man, giving the newly-arrived immigrant a new idea of what "the land of the free and the home of the brave" meant. He changed Ellis Island from an "isle of tears" to a place of welcome for the stranger. His work has received the most hearty and general commendation of

the newspapers and periodicals; for, first of all, his work commanded itself because it was human.

Commissioner Wallis has made many public addresses, and has made a thorough analysis of bringing the spirit of America to the immigrant. He has transferred the leaden atmosphere of the detention room at Ellis Island to the cheerful airiness of the home. In spite of the overcrowding of the mixture of all races, he has shown that the alchemy of brotherhood works wonders in the first process of the melting pot.

The stories of stowaways, as told by Commissioner Wallis, are most tragic and pathetic. He has made a study of seamen, in order to deal with the problems which confront him. A record of his experiences as Immigration Commissioner of Ellis Island is a human document well worth preserving in the archives of the country in these stirring times. Frederick A. Wallis and his friends have reason to be gratified with the splendid record he has made at Ellis Island.

* * *

Moonshining Now Has Added Drawbacks in the Sunny South

"VOLSTEADING" would make a good word for verbal economy these days. "Away down South" what it stands for has multiplied the perils of moonshining. Two men in an automobile laden with forty gallons of whisky—a magazine rifle and a revolver being taken along to protect the freight—found their route through Hot Springs, Arkansas, blockaded with a revenue officer's car planted athwart the street. The supercargoes were jailed, their runabout was confiscated, and the liquor poured into the gutter. While the libation to law was being offered a man who had been drinking hot water at a fountain across the way ran over and, before the officers could stop him, placed his cup under a gushing bunghole and flung a jolt of the red and raw liquid down his throat. "Saddened onlookers" was what the reporter called the gaping crowd at the scene. No doubt many of them would have liked to swap mouths with the impudent poacher in the interval "between the cup and the lip." There would appear to have been a hoodoo in the letter "B" as related to the incident. The Braces of Breakers of the law were named Brown and Bailey, and they were toting the Booze in a Buick machine when they Bumped the Barrier.

* * *

One Man Who Will be Greatly Missed and Widely Mourned

WHAT shall we say when death bears away the valiant comrade who falls on the field of life's activity? Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus is gone from us, but if ever a life illuminated a conviction of immortality it was that of the beloved Gunsaulus—great heart, good heart—who long before his passing here had won a crown of glory in heaven.

Chicago and the great Middle West may claim him as their own beloved citizen, but the United States and the world constituted the field which the heart and the mind of Dr. Gunsaulus encompassed. Born at Chesterville, Ohio, the sturdy

Ohio lad studied in Boston, becoming an intimate friend of Phillips Brooks. Truly an apostle of the ideal, he knew how to reach people and make them hunger for the higher and better things of life.

When he was called to the Plymouth Church in Chicago in the flush of his early thirties, the people of that city realized that here was a man whose power soon would be attuned to the spirit of their expanding community. It was Dr. Gunsaulus whom Mr. P. D. Armour chose for coadjutor when he founded the Armour Institute, the pioneer in the matter of manual and vocational education. There are many monuments of public benefit which Dr. Gunsaulus has built in his ennobling life activities as author, poet, essayist and orator. Week after week the floodtide of his eloquence has held, as if enthralled, the mass of humans he loved to serve, and his book of life is enduringly writ in the lives of thousands, if not millions, whom he influenced during the span of threescore and ten.

He was a blend of rugged good sense and the highest order of intellectual ability, but more than all he projected his thought into concrete achievement. Dr. Gunsaulus held entranced audiences



Hon. R. B. Creager and President Harding on the front porch of the Creager home at Brownsville, Texas, while President and Mrs. Harding were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Creager

in London and broke through the traditions of the past, winning the hearts of that modern Babylon with his simple and earnest message, as he did those of thousands in remote and isolated communities. Many of us have traveled far to hear his voice, for it was more than sermons that he preached. His words not only



THE LATE DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

Widely known and universally beloved western preacher

stirred the soul and kindled the heart, but they made people think—think more about themselves and their own responsibilities. He was a knight errant for his fellow-beings who touched lives personally, as with live coals from the altar. Truly a friend of humanity, he prodigally shared his genius with those who needed help.

As a lover of art he was a teacher to thousands. The art museum in Chicago, known the world over, was one of his favorite retreats, and his great delight.

Hundreds of thousands feel a personal loss in the passing of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus. His memory remains a rich heritage, for he left a great estate in treasure of Love, already administered. The voice that has been stilled to the ear of sense will be heard on and on, ringing in magic chords of memory to cheer the despondent, fortify the faith of those weakening under the lash of misfortune, and turn the shadows of despair into sunbeams of hope.

Volumes could be written of the details of this one man's forty years of ministry and yet the record would not be complete. His life encompasses the great days of the Middle West in its grand strides of development. He nurtured a love of home and country; of the arts, literature, and science, and all those things that make a nation great and the ideals of a republic enduring. A patriot indeed, he gave his life to his country. He fell amid the glories of a battle won and faith triumphant—a kindred spirit to the great Lincoln of Illinois.

* * *

Noted English Essayist Finds United States Entertaining

BETWEEN Gilbert K. Chesterton, the brilliant and burly Briton who has again visited the United States, and the late Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), there is some likeness. For instant vision of the humorous side of men and things, it is a toss-up which should be awarded the palm. They are twins in the possession of a serious substratum to their humor. In the expression of their minds they differ mainly in psychological

technique. Mark Twain fixed his points—or the "moral" of his creations—with an indelible tincture of exaggeration. G. K. C. imbeds the stones of his philosophical structures in the mortar of paradox. Each in his own way is inexpressibly funny, but the fun reflects the "pale cast of thought." Both philosophers compel people to think while they laugh.

Chesterton, upon this, his latest visit to the land of the lamented Mark Twain, has made Americans more his friends than ever. He has shed a radiant geniality from east to west and back again, which will do more than diplomacy and propaganda to promote good-feeling between the great English-speaking nations. Physically he is gigantic in build without unwieldiness of bulk, and has a massive head without big-headedness—his ingenious candor and modesty preventing that occasional affliction of the otherwise great.

A newspaper parographer has said that Chesterton "thinks our women are charming, our waffles delicious," and that he "appreciates Americans because if they like you they tell you so, and if they don't, they are not backward in saying so. He doesn't like our method of steam heating and can't understand the geography of

distances. "As we had heard them spoken of in England, they sounded like astronomical distances between fixed stars," Mr. Chesterton explained. "My course was somewhat disconcerting if not a little illogical, for at times I found myself returning to places where I had already stopped. However, on fast trains, with good accommodations, I got accustomed to distances."

The farther he got away from the Atlantic seaboard, the more room he found, the author remarked, and in Oklahoma the residents were "all excitement about how recent everything was." He was pleasantly surprised by his discovery of Chicago, and had good words for Detroit, Columbus, and Buffalo. Mr. Chesterton said that he had found it easy to make himself understood by his audiences, and he was inclined to believe that Americans are quicker of comprehension than the British.

Mrs. Chesterton, who accompanied her husband on this American tour, charmed everybody with her gentle old world amiability and innate naivete. Her opinions of what she found different from things in England were kindly and wholesome.

Personally Conducting the Ubiquitous Globe-trotter

TAKING care of the globe-trotter is a great business. One who wants to see parts of the world which he has only heard or read about, or to take a change of climate and scenery for his health, is saved a heap of trouble in deciding where to go, how to go, and the methods of getting the comforts of travel wherever he goes. Big organizations do all the planning for him, leaving him little more than the choice of tour and route, subject only to calculation of what he can have for the money and time he has to spend. Besides furnishing expert conductors of tours,



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Brilliant British journalist, essayist, novelist and critic

the country." (Probably he understands the ground plot of Boston still less.) As he passed from city to city, scraps of his impressions came over the wires.

When asked in New York what struck him as the greatest paradox in America, he went straight to his cache and produced this one: "Democratic government, tied to industrialism, is the most undemocratic thing the world ever saw." From the same premise he deduced the proposition that the belief concerning the equality of men in the Declaration of Independence was a "horrible bit of irony." In his view the American people were "tied up so tightly with industrialism the connection almost amounted to a stranglehold."

Does he mean that employers and employed are respectively solidifying into classes and each of them striving for absolute dominion over the commonwealth? Certainly the principle underlying such a development is a negation of democracy, or government of the people at large, by and for themselves in indivisible political entity. In other words, where class rule is, equality cannot be. It will be well for us to take heed of this lesson conveyed in Chestertonian paradox.

Mr. Chesterton's opinions of the country, in a physical sense, are entertaining. His westward jaunt took him to Oklahoma City. One thing that impressed him was the ease with which he was able to cover distances on the American railroads. Before coming to the United States he had an impression of a country of enormous



GEORGE E. MARSTERS

Well-known Boston and New York tourist agent

well acquainted with the places to be visited, these great travel agencies maintain cordial relations with local promotion bodies in other parts, which, in the interest of their localities, welcome the tourist and assist him in obtaining all the enjoyment possible during his visit. These agencies also hold business arrangements with transportation companies and hotels everywhere, so that the traveler in their care has little, if any, of the worries of one going it alone. He buys a sheaf of pasteboard slips and the agency does the rest.

George E. Marsters, Inc., of 1123 Broadway, New York, and 248 Washington Street, Boston, is one of the greatest "tickets and tours" agencies in the world. It arranges for tours under escort to foreign lands, as well as to "See America First"; looks out for private cars, foreign money exchange, drafts and letters of credit, and represents foreign and American steamship lines, railways, hotels, and resorts.

The patronymic of the concern has been in the transportation and tourist business all his life from his schoolboy days. Mr. George E. Marsters, though not born in Boston, has lived in this city since his fifth year. Receiving all his education in Boston schools, he has been in the transportation business in Boston since his fourteenth year. For twenty years he served as passenger agent in New England for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and after severing his connection with that road has conducted a general railroad, steamship, and tourist agency with connections in most of the important cities in America and Europe.

Mr. Marsters has been president of the Association of Railroad and Steamboat Agents of Boston, the oldest organization of the kind in America, and is now president of the American Association of Ticket and Tourist Agents. He is just taking a well-earned taste of travel for himself, sailing from New York on June 1 in the steamship *Caronia* in charge of a delegation of over a hundred to the convention of the International Association of Rotary Clubs to be held in Edinburgh. After the convention the delegation will tour Great Britain, the Continent, and the battlefields of the World War.

* * *

Indiana Man is Founder of Influential Political Paper

SOME years ago a young editor in the Hoosier State, known as George Lockwood, gained a reputation as a live wire in a live community. They said he had a future.

He still remains publisher of a daily newspaper in an Indiana smaller city, but he has been doing great things in a publication way. He founded the *Indiana State Journal*, which attained a large circulation, covering the neighboring states of Ohio and Illinois. This was only a beginning for the ambitious Hoosier lad, and he broadened the scope of the publication, which was soon recognized all over the country as a solid Republican newspaper dealing with affairs from a national viewpoint. In 1914, during the days when the political fortunes of the party were at the lowest ebb, at a time when it required some courage and nerve to declare for the waned cause, the paper became the *National Republican*, and soon attained a circulation of over one hundred thousand every week.

Soon after the election a movement was started to move the publication to Washington. The machinery was purchased, and in 1917 the publication became closely identified with national affairs of the party at the national capital.

The *National Republican* took an aggressive part in the campaign of 1918 and was the first paper of national circulation to attack the internationalism of President Wilson. This fact is referred to in the platform of the publication promulgated in the platform of 1917.

During the campaign of 1920 the *National Republican* attained a circulation of over half a

million every week, and soon after election, in the full flush of victory, it was changed to the present magazine form, carrying on a general campaign of Americanism, covering ninety per cent of all the counties in the United States and reaching over forty thousand post-offices in the country.

For over seven years it was maintained entirely upon circulation receipts without any gifts from party organizations and without advertising revenue.

With this tremendous circulation covering so wide a scope, it has now become a very vigorous and healthy channel of opinion concerning party affairs at Washington and an enemy of socialism, anarchism, and bolshevism, whether in public or private life. A believer in Republican principles to the core, it is safe to predict that in conjunction with the National Republican League, a voluntary association of Republicans, the paper will become a still more effective agency in carrying on a continuous campaign of education for its principles of government. The objective now is to have a membership of not less than a million Republicans, united in an organization composed of men and women who believe in Republican principles and are champions of stalwart Americanism.

The fact that George Lockwood was born in Indiana and his association with Will H. Hays in his early years indicates that he acquired a thorough knowledge of political science early in life.

He still remains editor of a daily newspaper published in a small city, and, in that way, keeps in touch with the pulse of the people remote from metropolitan centers.

He indulges now and then in a bit of verse, and from his pigeon hole we secured for the readers of the NATIONAL the poem "The Silent Circle," which appeared in the May number, a poem appropriate to the splendid sentiment of Memorial Day, which rings true with the spirit of patriotism. In directing the policies of the *National Republican* he is coming in close contact with the real workers and enthusiasts in the cause of the party his newspaper represents.

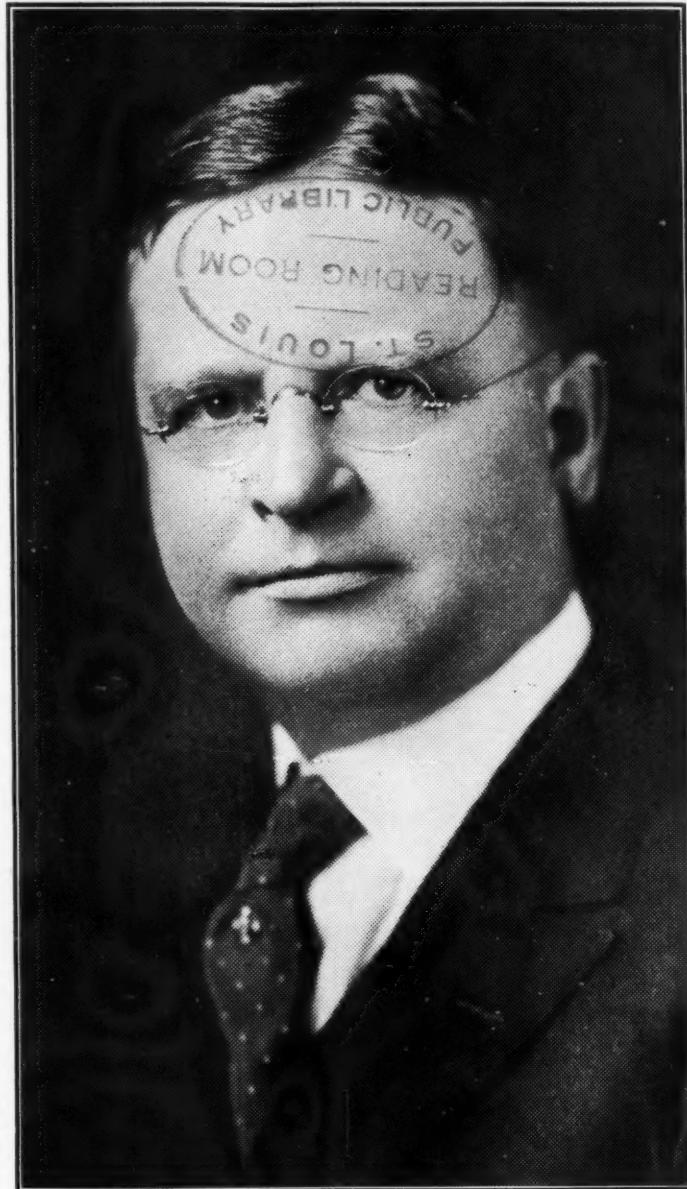
* * *

Pullman Porters Have a Philosophy of Their Own

THERE are some Pullman porters who have real philosophies of life. New England travelers, who have more than a bowing acquaintance with Pullman life seven days out of

the week know by heart the philosophy of popular Pullman porters between Boston and Chicago.

David B. Jones, "Happy" Jack and Joe Hughes have probably brushed more boots and accepted more quarter tips from big-hearted but



GEORGE W. LOCKWOOD
Hoosier journalist—editor of the "National Republican"

small-pursed travelers than any other porters of any other line.

David B. Jones must be congratulated for having a most practical little philosophy. On a trip west I met another old-time porter. I was taken ill and he missed me—in the smoking room. Before I awoke in the morning he was gone. We always address them as "George," but I have never found a porter who possessed George as a christened or real name.

"You paints yore pictur,' or yo' blacks yore shoes! No dif'rnce a-tall. If you does it well, you feels mighty lak pattin' yohself on d' back! If I sees a Christyun travalah on dis line an' he eats too much roast hash, cooked Suthawn style on d' menu, but not on d' stove, and he gets blown up inside, I says to him, 'Brothaw, have faith and take dese pills!' If its a Solomon, I warns him, 'Dem dats mos' generous in tips

allus gains d' highest place in heav'n! I nevah gets in Dutch this-a-way, and at d' same time keeps ma pockets clinkin'!"

George has saved many a life in his score of years of service. There was in his every action



FRANK BURNETT

Collector of greatest privately-owned museum of Polynesian relics

that something which radiated love of service—something the world preaches and shouts about, but seldom puts in practice. This dear old fellow never had to coax out tips with a brush. They hunted him up.

* * *

Vancouver Man has Wonderful Collection of South Sea Relics

IN a large house in Vancouver, overlooking Burrard Inlet, B. C., is the greatest individually-owned collection of Polynesian relics in the world. It represents the lives of the people on the widely-scattered islands dotting the South Pacific. Many of the things are no longer to be found there. Upon a low estimate the contents of this museum are worth \$90,000.

Frank Burnett spent a quarter of a century in collecting this treasure. It includes canoes of various models, idols of coral and stone, Fiji devil houses, ornaments of the person, fishing implements, pillows, musical instruments, chalk effigies of dead chiefs and other examples of sculpture, battle armor, weapons, implements and utensils of cannibalism, etc.

Following the calling of his father, a sailor out of Peterhead, Scotland, a famous whaling port, Frank Burnett went to sea at fourteen and before his eighteenth birthday had been several times around the world. At twenty he went to

Canada and became a purser on an Ottawa river steamboat. Then he went to Montreal where, after nine years, his business of broker was smashed in a panic. In April of 1880, with his wife, he took up a homestead one hundred miles west of Winnipeg, driving an ox-wagon to the location.

Within a few years, in spite of untimely hail, frost and wind, he had saved enough to start grain buying. He had discovered that the river was suitable for flat-bottom boat transportation. In addition to his savings, an equal amount was borrowed without security from the only bank in the region. Having built an elevator, Mr. Burnett stored fifty thousand bushels of wheat in the autumn for spring shipment. Alas, a flood swept the investment into the river! With indomitable Scottish grit the owner went at it again, and within four years his debt to the bank was discharged.

Prosperity rolled over the western provinces, and after fifteen years Mr. Burnett had made a goodly fortune. Migrating to British Columbia, he made more money there in the land business. Then he took a holiday trip to Honolulu and toured the Hawaiian Islands. This awakened a desire to see remoter islands of the Pacific, as well as the passion of a collector. The latter emotion may have been atavistic, for his father had collected curios in many lands. Five years more of business in Vancouver satisfied him that he had enough means for the coveted life of an explorer.

Mr. Burnett, in 1901, began the series of his voyages among the islands of Polynesia. After eighteen years he was able to stock a room in Vancouver with trophies

of his devoted quest. Since then half his time has been spent in the wondrous archipelagoes under the Southern Cross. Tonga, Fiji, the Marquesas, the Carolines, the Gilberts and other groups he came to know intimately. He has rubbed shoulders with head-hunters and risked his life to procure relics.

Although war has been the principal occupation of those insulated barbarians, among them all only one tribe in the Gilbert group thought of body armor. Usually each village was the proud owner of a suit of mail. One of these Mr. Burnett secured. It was made of coir string, twisted from coconut husk, woven so closely as to form a fabric of boardlike hardness. For breastplate, the dried skin of the stingaree, hard as steel, was utilized. It was invulnerable to any native weapon. In a feud between two villages, the best man from each girded on the town armor and went forth to decide the day by single combat. Here, then, was knighthood in flower as in Europe centuries ago.

Ornaments of human teeth are in great favor in all Polynesia, north as well as south. War clubs of the South Sea Islanders are of fear-somely murderous design, but bear names showing poetic imagination. "It Urges Me to Action," "The Disperser," "Damaging Beyond Hope" are among hundreds of such labels, handed down from father to son for generations and

highly valued. There are many kinds of deadly spears, poison-tipped arrows, etc., but the favorite weapon is the club of diverse types. In the matter of canoes, the ingenuity and variety in model and rig are wonderful.

Cannibalism is still rife in the Solomon Islands and New Guinea, with the attendant practice of taking heads. In Fiji cannibalism ceased fifty years ago under the benign influence of the Christian missionary. It was never practiced by the Hawaiians in the North Pacific.

* * *

Remarkable Record for a Man Who Had No Early Advantages

UNABLE to read at twenty, practicing law at thirty-six, and at forty-eight serving a second term as state senator, after having been a county sheriff four terms and assistant prosecuting attorney two terms—such is the life story up to now of William A. Jackson of Pocohontas, Randolph County, Arkansas. Born in a section where schooling was difficult to obtain, even for children whose parents could afford to send them long distances to school, Willie had to work on the farm, when he should have been learning to read, write, and cipher. He had an ambition for education, but did not have the opportunity until he married at the age of twenty, when he began to study the rudiments under the direction of his wife. "There is no royal road to learning," but in this case the "will" found a "way"—an idyllic way at that.

After gaining a knowledge of the ordinary branches of study, Mr. Jackson ran for sheriff and was elected. While in that office, which he held four terms, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1909. He served two terms as prosecuting attorney for Randolph County. For twenty years past he has been out of public office only twenty-seven days. At the last session of the legislature, besides introducing several bills affecting his own district, he was joint author with three other senators of a bill that abolished the Arkansas corporation commission. Mr. Jackson has eleven children, so he is a man in whom Roosevelt would have delighted.

* * *

Now it Develops That Modern "Jazz" is of Pre-historic Origin

JAZZING was an accomplishment of the prehistoric Indians of Peru. So the investigators in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City proclaim. That institution holds a large collection of the ancient musical instruments of Peru. They have been studied by Mr. Charles W. Mead, assistant curator of the department of anthropology, whose findings on the subject have been published. Now the anti-jazzers may justly call the jazz performers savages. But what can they do about it? As in the case of the "jag" evil, to debarbarize society by eliminating the jazz, a constitutional amendment may be the only thing.

Decorations, representing orchestras and dancers, found on the old pottery and metal objects of the region those people inhabited, also early writings and musical instruments dug from graves and ruins, are the evidence that the prehistoric tribes of Peru indulged in jazz dissipation. It does not seem that they also had movies. They did not need to have, for prehistoric folk were rather moving pictures themselves. Certainly it would be moving to our eyes to have seen the ancient Peruvians peeling the skins off their enemies, caught and killed, to make drumheads. This was their "just-as-good" substitute for the hides of animals. It was believed that the sound of drums covered with human cuticle would strike terror into the hearts of living foes.

True, no drums have been found among ancient Peruvian remains, but they were pictured and described by old-time artists and writers.

Papers issued by the Museum declare, on the strength of the evidence already mentioned, that the Indians of Peru in that olden age possessed drums, bells, cymbals, rattles, pipes, flutes, whistles, trumpets, and an "ancestor" of the oboe. Variety enough for jazz, in good sooth!

Gourds filled with pebbles were used as hand-rattles. Hawaiians to this day employ the same kind of instrument to give rhythm to the hula-hula dancer's wriggling. Shells were struck together like cymbals. Whereas among us the sad of the day is the ukulele—invented by a Portuguese guitar maker in Hawaii—the Peruvians of old delighted in performing on the huayra puhura, a species of pipes the name of which is, perhaps, as easy to pronounce as ukulele. (In the latter, the "u" in both places should be given the sound "oo," and the "e" that of "a" in play—therefore "an" and not "a ukulele," if you please.)

Some of the bone flutes brought to light are very primitive, yet in some examples from changes seen to have been made in the holing, they show considerable study of toning to get them right. Regarding the original oboe of that country a Museum bulletin says:

"There is still used by a number of tribes in the Amazon region a piece of cane from two to five feet long, with one end closed by some gummy substance, through which is passed a split quill forming a reed. This is, of course, a forbear of the oboe. It was undoubtedly this type of instrument which constituted the 'cornets' said to have been used by the Inca army at the siege of Cuzco. We have not at hand a record of the effect of these barbaric oboes on Pizarro. But doubtless it was similar to that of 'the devilish music' that Cortez heard after his first repulse before Mexico, lasting the lifelong night, and which curdled his blood with horror, while his captured companions were sacrificed to Huatlipochtli, the Aztec war-god."

* * *

Nine Seems to be a Lucky Number for These Two World War Veterans

TO have fought in nine battles and won nine different honor medals, all without either hero receiving a scratch, is the distinction from the war which both Charles D. Barger and Jesse M. Funk hold. Barger was an automatic rifle gunner. His home is at Waco, Missouri, and in overseas service he was a member of Company I, 354th Infantry, 89th Division. Discharged on June 23, 1919, a few months ago he rejoined the army and is now a member of a machine gun company at Camp Pike. Barger's medals, all of them earned by heroic feats in action, are catalogued thus: Medal of Honor, United States; Medal de Militaire, France; two Croix de Guerre, one with single and one with double palm, one from Belgium, one from Montenegro; a Victory medal with four stars, United States, and a medal from the state of Missouri. Funk belongs to Colorado and was first ammunition carrier for Barger. Participating in each of Barger's deeds of valor, he also was awarded nine medals. He is now at home in Colorado. Barger, in relating his own exploits, insists on giving half the credit to Funk. Evidently the Colorado lad's name bears no relation to his nature, for he has proved himself incapable of "funking" under hottest fire.

* * *

New Governor of Maine Believes State's Water Power Should be Conserved

IT was exceeding sad to hear of the death, about a month after he had taken office, of Frederic H. Parkhurst, Governor of Maine, whose election had been appreciatively hailed, in a character sketch, by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October. Let us now bind the sentiments of that tribute with a ribbon of remembrance into a wreath of mourning and fondly lay it upon the tomb of departed worth.

It now becomes our pleasure to present to the reader the new Governor of Maine, a man for whose accession the people of that great state are to be congratulated. I met Governor Percival P. Baxter in Washington during the inauguration week, and was captivated by his personality. Six feet in stature, broad shouldered, well-proportioned, upstanding, with a large but not "swelled" head, he would be an impressive figure anywhere. In facial lines and temperament, and especially in shade of hair, he has been compared to Calvin Coolidge, who stepped from the governorship of Massachusetts to the vice-presidential chair. I must say the comparison is not far-fetched. Baxter has the quiet reticence of Coolidge, also the fine capacity of a listener. Although not a "mixer" in the mob sense, he is not niggardly in social amenities, as he showed in Washington by giving a dinner to friends from Maine.

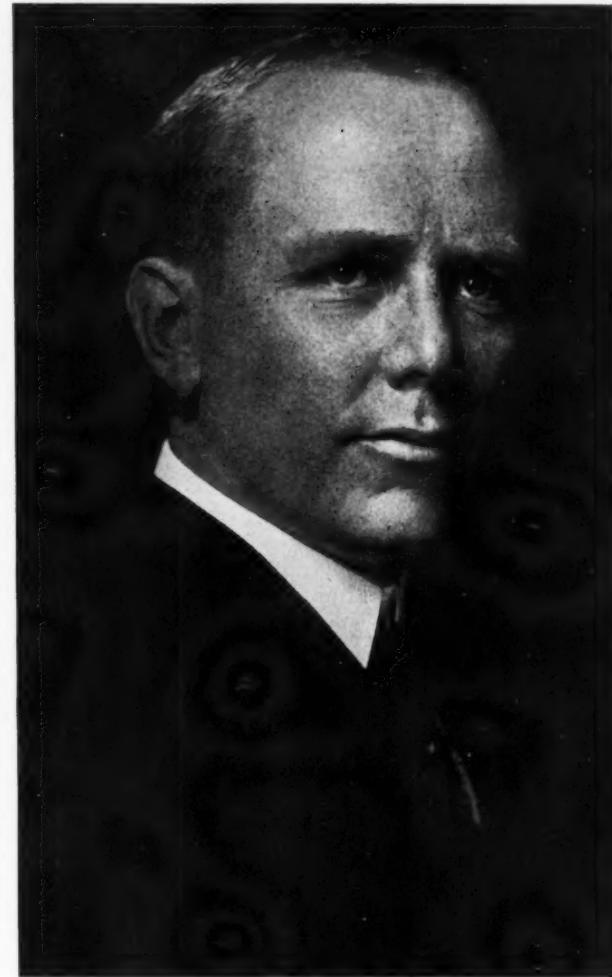
Percival Proctor Baxter was born in Portland, Maine, November 22, 1876, so that the mantle of governor of his native state fell upon his shoulders at the early age of forty-four years. His father, James Phinney Baxter, was ninety years of age on March 23 last and still hale and hearty. His mother was Mehitable Proctor, who died in 1914. The governor is the youngest of six brothers, one of whom is State Senator Rupert H. Baxter. Although a passed lawyer in Maine and Massachusetts, "Percy" has never taken up practice. He has devoted his private life to the management of his father's real estate business, and is himself reputed to be worth more than a million.

He was educated in the public schools of Portland, graduating from the high school. Then he went to the Eton House School, London, where his father was doing historical research work. Next he attended Bowdoin College, from which he took A.B. in 1898, finally in 1901 receiving the degree of LL.B. from Harvard Law School.

Young as he is, Governor Baxter is entitled to a veteran's badge for public service. He served in the legislature as a representative from Portland in 1905 and 1906, as a Senator in 1909 and 1910, and again as a member of the House in the four years, 1917-1920. Defeated for re-election as a representative in 1906, he showed himself a good loser. Interviewed on the subject, he upset the reporter's expectation of "squealing" alibis, and ended the talk by saying "There will be another election." Last September he was again elected to the Senate, of which he was chosen as speaker when it convened. There being no lieutenant-governor in Maine, he became governor when the untimely vacancy occurred and took the oath of office as such on January 31, 1921. His term will expire in January, 1923. Characteristically, when congratulated on the governorship, he said he did not like to obtain the honor without "having a fight" for it.

During the greater part of his legislative service Mr. Baxter has been particularly interested in keeping outside interests from getting control

of the water power resources, and reaping the benefits he maintains should accrue to the people of Maine. He believes that the sources of water power should be utilized to develop home industries and build up Maine cities and towns.



HON. PERCIVAL P. BAXTER
Recently appointed Governor of the Pine Tree State

In some interludes of his busy life, Mr. Baxter has traveled over the greater part of North America and to the West Indies, South America, Europe and the Orient, making four trips across the Atlantic, and two journeys around the world. While visiting many lands, he made a special study of life and sociological problems. One of his hobbies has been to make Mt. Katahdin and surrounding region a state park, and last summer he won the distinction of an intrepid mountain climber by taking the most perilous trail to the loftiest peak of that sublime elevation.

Governor Baxter's great weakness is love of dogs, and for thirty-five years he has bred Irish setters. A beautiful specimen of the breed is his constant companion at home. That is what he said when first interviewed as governor "at home," but all the same his dog followed him to Washington for the inauguration. "Garry Owen" his mascot is called.

* * *

Curious Chronicles of Unusual Events in the World of Fur and Feathers

NEW BEDFORD, of whaling fame, provides a "whale" of a story for all interested in freaks. It is that of a black and white cat, "Nellie," that had lost two litters of kittens and adopted a brood of incubator-hatched chickens,

for which a hard-gizzarded hen had declined to act as foster-mother. Mrs. John T. Morey, owner of the domestic stock, when the hen had proved heartless, placed the chickens in a box that Nellie had given up. But "the cat came



ALBERT W. BROWN

Noted singer who acquired new fame as song leader at the Republican National Convention

back," and the chickens, liking her warm fur, adopted her for a mother. Puss seemed pleased and, as the press despatch concludes, "has since developed such an affection for her strange charges that she has forgotten all about her former maternal sorrows."

That curious alliance of fur and feathers had a counterpart in the old Tremont Street cemetery, Boston, a few days ago, when a crowd was attracted by the sight of a flock of pigeons flirting with a squirrel. As the squirrel comically posed on its hind legs, the birds would gather about it in a perfect circle, seemingly admiring its antics. Suddenly the animal would make a dash at the encircling cordon, when the birds would scatter in fluttery panic—just like girls in one of those old-fashioned kissing games when the young villain pursued them—only to re-form the ring as the rodent again stood with forepaws in the air. As I passed on the squirrel had taken a statuesque position on top of an old headstone, grinning between raised paws like "Patience on a monument smiling at grief."

* * *

Singing the Way to Fame for the Name of Brown

THERE may be many other Browns, but Mr. Albert W. Brown has made a distinctive fame for one Brown. His reputation as a song interpreter of English-speaking music is far from being as common as the name of Brown.

His repertoire of classic and modern song literature has oft been commented on, both here and abroad. His fame spread far and wide in Chicago at the time of the Republican Convention, where he established himself as the song-leader of national songs. Mr. Brown made a feature of this community singing, and his success at the undertaking was acknowledged by all who were with him.

This much-lauded singer has frequently appeared with such organizations as the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, the Apollo Club, Festival Orchestra, Boston Symphony Orchestral Club, Adamowski Trio, Tremont Temple Concerts, and in joint recital with Mme. Frieda Hempel of the Metropolitan Opera House. He has also appeared with the leading choral societies, as well as at colleges, normal schools, and many educational organizations, including Smith and Wheaton colleges, American Institute of Instruction, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, New York, and the principal women's clubs.

Everywhere he has been warmly welcomed. Everywhere his name and fame preceded him—he is always in demand because, with the same enthusiasm with which he sings, he leads, and the singers caught from him the real spirit and rhythm of song.

* * *

Believes Work for Civic Betterment to be a Duty

OFF all established forms of political administration of community affairs, New England's time-honored town government system stands alone nearest to that high ideal of "government only by the consent of the governed," as a precious heritage handed down through the centuries by that "stern band with empires in their brains," who, three hundred years ago, first set foot upon the barren sands of Provincetown.

The history of a sturdy, God-fearing, prosperous and contented people is written in the minutes of New England town meetings, and into the local government of town affairs in many instances have gone as much real administrative ability as is required of those who serve the public weal in state or national affairs.

At times, indeed, certain large New England towns, not yet arrived at the dignity of cityhood, have been so fortunate as to number among their citizens men of legislative calibre who, placing the welfare of their community paramount to their own private interests and the natural ambitions that tempt the man of vision and capacity, have been content to serve as administrative heads of the communities that know and love them best, rather than yield to the alluring temptations of more spectacular political positions.

A striking instance of this sort is evidenced in the enterprising town of Winthrop, Massachusetts, where Harry E. Wright, affectionately known to thousands as the "Mayor," is now serving a second term as chairman of the board of selectmen. Yielding to the urgent solicitation of his fellow-citizens, Mr. Wright allowed his name to be placed upon the ballot for the town election in 1919, with the result that he was overwhelmingly elected by the largest majority vote ever cast in the long history of the town. To his untiring efforts as a member of the War Work Committee, on the various Liberty Bond campaigns and for the Red Cross organization

during the war, and since—serving as chairman of precinct four, Winthrop, in all the war drives, and being still a member of the executive committee of the Winthrop branch of the American Red Cross—he has thus added to his unselfish services for the town by giving it the most progressive and successful administration of its internal affairs that this flourishing community has ever enjoyed.

As president of the Winthrop Pageant Association, which has for its purpose the inculcation of intelligent patriotism through carefully-directed community effort, Mr. Wright is largely responsible for the wonderful success attained by that organization. He is now serving his fourth term as president of the Winthrop Highlands Association, and for the past decade has been a prime mover in every work for the civic betterment of the town.

Mr. Wright is a Mason and a Shriner, being a member of Union Lodge of Dorchester, Dorchester Royal Arch Chapter, Boston Council, Boston Commandery, Massachusetts Consistory, 32d, and Aleppo Temple, Boston. He is past president of the Paint Trade Salesmen's Club of New England, and is well and favorably known in the business world as New England district manager of the Eagle-Picher Lead Company. At his attractive bungalow, on the brow of the cliff overlooking the bay at Winthrop Highlands, Mr. Wright, assisted by his charming family, dispenses a whole-hearted hospitality that makes it the favorite rendezvous of his multitude of friends.

Such examples of unselfish devotion to the high ideal of better citizenship as that displayed in



HARRY E. WRIGHT

Well-known business man who exemplifies the ideal of good citizenship

the town of Winthrop by Harry E. Wright, not only make the so favored communities better places in which to live, but serve also as object lessons in this hurrying and selfish age to teach anew the lesson of the "social compact" entered

into by our ancestors on that historic November eve under the swinging lantern in the tiny cabin of the *Mayflower*.

Dancing on the Greensward When the Dew of Eve is On

DANCING has been called "the poetry of motion." A better description could not be given. It has been an exercise, a jubilation, a pastime, a devotion, among all tribes of man from the remotest ages of the world. In all times, too, dancing has been corrupted to serve false superstitions and unholy purposes. Legislatures today are trying to outlaw various kinds of dancing which are having a bad influence on manners and morals.

On the other hand, there is no latter-day revival of art which brings more charm, beauty and joy into life than the refined cultivation of "the light fantastic toe," united with bodily training to produce facility and grace of movement as well as correct posture in repose. Florence Fleming Noyes, in her School of Rhythm at the quaint village of Cobalt, Connecticut, is teaching adults and children the ultimate of classical dancing and related exercises based on the standards of ancient Grecian art. Here in highest degree is the definition of dancing given by Webster's International Dictionary exemplified: "To perform either alone or with others, a regular succession of movements, commonly to the sound of music; to trip, glide, or leap rhythmically."

This school belongs to American advanced education. Florence Fleming Noyes, founder and director of the system in use, is a member of the advisory council of the Progressive Education Association.

The camp serves a double purpose. To those who would make rhythmic expression their profession, it gives an opportunity for intensive training and for joyous co-operation with the exponents of the work.

To those who seek it as a recreation, for their own inspiration and release, it offers a vacation in which the sophistications of the conventional world may be forgotten.

Beautiful dancing is the direct result of the training given in rhythmic expression. Pageant, pageant masques, dance plays and festivals follow as a natural outgrowth of an education so based upon a fundamental philosophy. Technical knowledge of group work and the principles of pageant production are given to the student as a part of his training.

The world of play is rhythmic expression for children. The technique includes corrective exercises, deep breathing, co-ordination of the body, and a sane direction of the child imagination—all given through the spirit of play.

Deeper understanding of music will be the natural result of rhythmic expression. Consequently, even the so-called inartistic person will find an added interest and enjoyment in listening to music, and an added appreciation of color in all phases of art and life.

Opportunity is given for instruction in Greek games, archery, discus throwing, and hurdling.

Classes in dyeing are held at an open-air fireplace, where pupils may learn to dye their own costumes.

This Minister Not Afraid to Espouse the Unpopular Side

IT must have been satisfying to Dr. E. Victor Bigelow to see the firmness with which people stood for the facts and truth when the Interchurch Movement went out of its way to attack corporations and their methods, with an evident purpose of winning popular favor.

More than a million copies of Mr. Bigelow's address before the Boston Ministers meeting upon the Interchurch Report were printed in order to meet the demand for reprints.

In the course of an address before the Congregational Club at Worcester, Massachusetts, Mr. Bigelow said:

"One of the readers of my former pamphlet on the mistakes of the Interchurch Steel Report sent back this comment: 'The Steel Corporation will find a minister to defend it, even if they have to go to hell to get him.' That's a nice place to get ministers! I count it a privilege to suffer in a good cause. I think I understood the danger at the beginning, when I took it upon myself without the least encouragement from anybody to say something out of the fountain of my own conscience in the name of fair play.

"I realize that I am in 'No Man's Land,' that the churches are rather silent on this matter, and that there are some very hot shots being fired from various sides against anybody who dares to stand out upon this debatable ground."

Dr. Bigelow is pastor of the Congregational Church in Andover, Massachusetts. He is more than a pastor; he is a carpenter, and from the West. Many Seattle houses now in existence are evidences of his handiwork. He loves to work in his garden. He is the old-fashioned type of New England pastor that we all love.

"Working like the devil on week days and preaching like hell on Sundays" says one of his parishioners, although he may not be clinging closely to the brimstone idea, this disciple of Joseph preaches sermons radiant with the real philosophy of happiness, the glory of work. There is nothing of the "cant" or psalm-singing about him when he has "closed shop." He believes in a joyful time on earth, but is always considerate of his fellow-men.

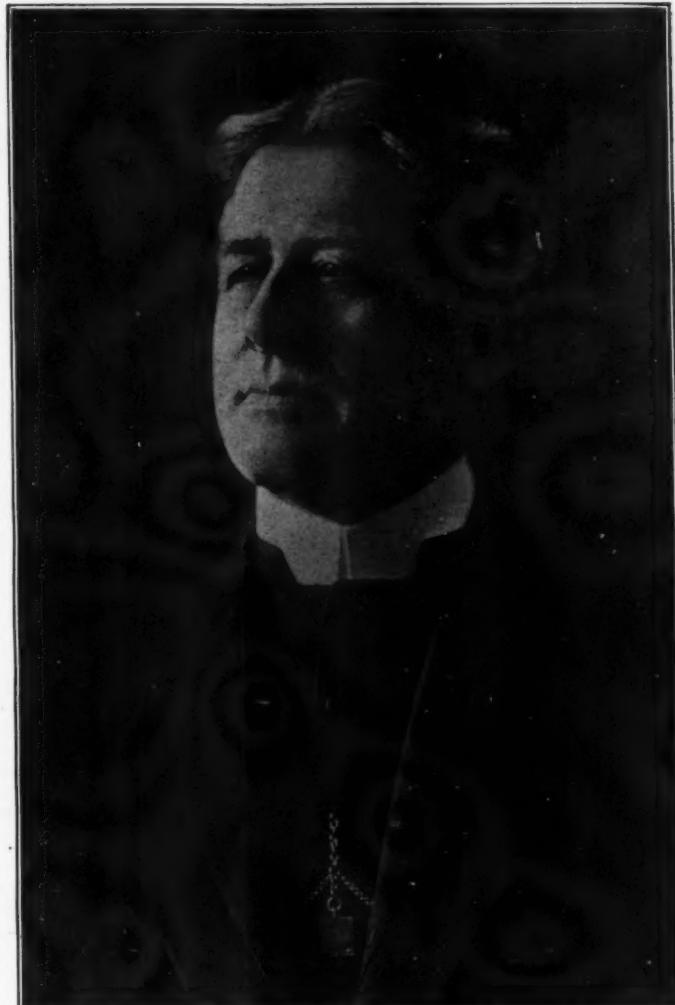
Dr. Bigelow is a constructionist. He has never sought to build up a personal reputation through sensational methods. It is no wonder his people love him and that his addresses on the labor situation should have had such wide distribution. He is still a young man in his forties and enjoys to the full his life as a New England pastor.

Some New Wrinkles in the Art of Commercial Photography

SOME years ago it was common to hear painters and sculptors deny to photography the quality of art. Among the purists a painter of portraits lost caste if suspected of borrowing life from photographs. There may have been justice in such a censorious attitude toward photography fifty years ago, but today no intelligent observer can gainsay that art in photography has arrived.

In the field of advertising, particularly, the work of the photographer vies both in beauty and allegorical force with that of the high-class hand illustrator. The photographer has mas-

tered the element of atmosphere, which former artistic criticism found lacking in his work. Also he has taken high rank in the control of light and shade, while in the line of rational impressionism he can fairly hold his own with masters of the brush and palette.



REV. E. VICTOR BIGELOW

A hard-hitting, clear-thinking, straight-talking minister of the Gospel

Photographic evolution is the subject of an interesting article in a recent number of *Printer's Ink Monthly*, having specific reference in title to effects borrowed from the theater by photography, "creating illusions of reality by subordinating detail to the idea, and how the photographer does it." Several illustrations are given from the 1921 calendar of White & Wyckoff Manufacturing Company, Holyoke, Massachusetts, which speak for themselves more forcibly than the words of description. There are also pictures from advertisements of a piano and an automatic sprinkler, the writer of the article saying of the former:

"As far as composition and handling of light go, this picture would do credit to a good painter; it has the unity of a single appeal to the eye, and furthermore the atmosphere created by the elimination of detail carries the unity of a single appeal to the feelings. When looking at it we create for ourselves the mood of the player; first we are inspired and then we desire."

The simple methods by which the photographer obtains the most telling illusory effects, which the article explains in connection with the White & Wyckoff calendar, are triumphs of artistic ingenuity. From cheap material and stage

properties, for instance, the artist produces all the effects required of Alpine and Mediterranean scenery, with tourist and native living figures introduced by superimposing of photographs from life. Such pictures have all the suggestiveness needed by the traveler, to avoid



NATI BILBAINITA

A witching dancer from the land of Andalusia, who has been charming audiences on the Keith circuit

stress upon his powers of verbal description when writing home to his folks about the scenes depicted. This is a service the White & Wyckoff corporation presents to buyers of its "distinctive social stationery."

Three striking examples of the effectiveness this treatment are shown in the frontispiece of this number of the NATIONAL.

By cutting out details that detract from the idea desired to be conveyed, following the example of the up-to-date stage craftsman, and retouching the essentials left to obtain the right gradations of light and shade, together with the quality of atmosphere, the photographer becomes a creator of beauty, a mentor of morals and a dispenser of esthetic joys. As an artist, the manipulator of the camera has surely arrived.

New York's Going to Have a Town Hall, by Gum! Some Village—We'll Say

NEW YORK, America's beacon light of things that are new and novel, has reverted to the old-time plan of utilizing a Town Hall. The fact that this idea was born in that city gives it stable support enough to warrant all-around discussion, for New York is sort of proving ground for things that are new and things that are to sell. It is a sort of a national show window.

With a seating capacity of fifteen hundred, and a stage area seating hundreds additional, the

Town Hall is in a fair way bound to spring into prominence as a center for New York community life. The total cost of this structure is \$1,400,000. There is left to the disposal of the generosity of the New York populace a balance of \$1,100,000 to be paid in the form of contributions to continue the work.

All New York newspapers echo and re-echo the urge of the people to free the Town Hall from debt, so that it can be a "Town Hall in all that the term implies"—a place for free discussion, free from debt.

All causes that involve healthy discussions of civic and other problems of the day and age, always for "greater government" are worthy of a temporary straining of purse-strings. The Town Hall is a forum which makes possible these gatherings of import. It rooks men and women who play an important part in the mechanism of our government by nature of their decisions reached while assembling at these Town Hall meetings.

Beneficiaries who contribute toward the cancellation of this debt are "reaping their reward" instantly—without delay! The hall has already proved its right to existence. It will ever continue to prove itself a distribution center for newly-constructed thoughts on world-wide topics, and will megaphone its civic benefits among all peoples.

Secretary Davis and His Friends Gather Round the Round Table

ONCE more the Round Table in the cozy "Attic" became the pivot of much interest. It responded splendidly to the culinary as well as to the sociable needs of the Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis.

When "Secretary Jim" visited the New England section of the United States, he, of course, dropped in at the "Attic." He brought with him a retinue of official representatives from Washington who were with him investigating and finding out how things were handled at the various ports where immigrants arrive. He was an immigrant himself. An atmosphere that guaranteed jollity pervaded through the entire session. Approximately forty guests of more or less renown crowded into the spacious rooms, and the hum of social talk began, to last throughout the evening. Only when the Secretary and his following rose to speak to the guests, ensemble, was there momentary silence.

There was music also. Everyone sang the old tunes from "Heart Songs." The Secretary contributed toward the program by rendering several impromptu solos, singing national Welsh songs. They were unaccompanied, and his voice was as an echo of Welsh hills. More song, violin sketches and piano music followed, all presented by the Misses Antoinette Perner, Monica Horka, and Dorothea Smith, of the New England Conservatory.

The informal reception was represented by employers, labor leaders from all over New England, and professional men, all of whom

owned themselves as pledged forever to its most delightful memories.

Secretary Davis, in leaving, said, "I can truthfully say that never, since I entered the Cabinet, have I attended a more inspiring function."

This estimable authority on questions of labor situations gave his attending guests his fullest confidences in speaking of this topic. His attitude was free from the formalities traditional of a member of the Cabinet. Each member of the Round Table addressed him personally; he spoke to each one separately, then addressed them all; the whole situation indicated so truly his close contact with people. He made many friends that night.

You Read Some Quaint and Curious Things in the Papers Nowadays

"Nature men," as those eccentric characters of California are called, who take to the redwoods and the Pacific Isles in almost Edenic undress, will "fresh courage take" from Sir James Cantile, an eminent medico of England, who is quoted as asserting that the fewer clothes you wear, the higher your temperature. This was in a lecture entitled "The Body in Health" at the Institute of Hygiene. Discussing the fairy-like garb of women and girls of today, Sir James said:

"Those young women you see going about insufficiently clad are not cold. I once took the temperature of two girls sitting at an open window in the train. I had a rough time getting it—but I got it."

Why, then, did he say "insufficiently clad?"

There is no law in existence, so far as my reading goes, which will compel you to believe the following yarn credited by a New York daily to "an Iowa paper." The only verification lacking is an affidavit from Jim De Wit, attesting the identity of the watch mentioned:

"Seven years ago a farmer living west of this city hung his vest on a fence in the back yard. A calf chewed up a pocket in the garment in which was a standard gold watch, bought from Jim De Wit. Last week the animal, a staid old milk cow, was butchered for beef, and the time-piece was found in such a position between the lungs of the cow that the respiration—the closing in and the filling of the lungs—kept the stem-winder wound up and the watch had lost but four minutes in the seven years."

Neither is there any law to compel you to disbelieve the story in a New York weekly magazine about a Western ranchman whose cows "gave down" their milk, ready graded up to the yellow "strippings," in response to varying sentiments of popular songs played on a phonograph, but "kicked the bucket" when the machine ground out an apostrophe to water.

Recently the newspapers pictured three human freaks arriving from Europe together in the steamer *Olympic*. "Fattest, tallest, and smallest" they were adjectived, being Ernest Holme, eighteen-year-old German boy, who weighs 570 pounds; Ludwig Schulder, seven feet, four inches tall, and still growing, and Miss Jennie Lindsay, twenty-three years old and only three feet, two inches in height. Yet Congressman Johnson would stop immigration!

It takes at least two to make one side in the collective bargaining game, which is perhaps why Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, cannot endure the single estate. His first wife died a year ago, and now he is married again. The labor king's new queen consort and labor's super-boss ex-officio, was Mrs. Gertrude Gleaves Neuscheler of New York, a divorcee only thirty-eight years of age.

The Moving Picture Beautiful

W. K. Ziegfeld's first cinema production, "The Black Panther's Cub," a remarkable achievement



FLORENCE REED

Star of a score of remarkable plays, again shines forth as a cinema star in W. K. Ziegfeld's initial screen production, "The Black Panther's Cub," recently released

THE first motion picture produced, written, directed and acted by artists who have achieved distinction on the spoken stage is W. K. Ziegfeld's initial cinema production, "The Black Panther's Cub," starring Florence Reed and directed by Emile Chautard, which was shown publicly for the first time at the Capitol Theatre, New York, beginning May 29, and at the Majestic Theatre, Boston, May 30.

True to the Ziegfeld traditions, the production, which took twelve weeks to film and six weeks to cut and title, proved a tremendous success artistically, and promises to create a furore in motion picture circles when it is released to the theaters of the world.

It is said that the personnel associated with Mr. Ziegfeld in the filming of this production is one of the most distinguished ever assembled to stage a photoplay; the cast, in addition to Miss Reed, including such celebrities as Tyrone Power, Norman Trevor, Earle Foxe, Mlle. Dazie, Henry Stephenson, William Roselle, Paula Shay, Will Bourbon, Eugene Breon, and several others, all of whom have been starred in their own right in this country and abroad.

The story was written by Ethel Donoher, a prominent stage writer, and the scenario prepared by Philip Bartholomae, author of such legitimate hits as "Very Good, Eddie," "Over Night," "When Dreams Come True," and a score of other well-known successes.

Even the extras, which in many scenes ran into the hundreds, were recruited from the ranks of the spoken stage and were secured by Mr. Ziegfeld through the Actors Equity Association.



FLORENCE REED, NORMAN TREVOR AND HENRY STEPHENSON

A scene from W. K. Ziegfeld's initial screen production for the Ziegfeld Cinema Corporation, "The Black Panther's Cub," starring Florence Reed and directed by Emile Chautard



Photo by Nickolas Muray, New York

W. K. ZIEGFELD

Producer of first motion picture written, directed and acted by artists from the spoken stage exclusively. The first showing of W. K. Ziegfeld's much heralded screen production, "The Black Panther's Cub," was hailed as an epoch-making event, not only in the film world, but in the best dramatic and literary circles as well



WILLIAM ROSELLE

An amiable sort of a "heavy" who is seen to best advantage in W. K. Ziegfeld's initial screen production, "The Black Panther's Cub"



One of the sets showing the wonderful gambling palace, a place which is reputed to be run by the heroine of "The Black Panther's Cub," the initial screen production made by W. K. Ziegfeld, in which Florence Reed is starred and Emile Chautard directed

That W. K. Ziegfeld is filming motion pictures on the same gorgeous scale that his brother, "Flo, Jr." is producing extravaganzes and musical plays, is seen in the following facts about his first screen production, "The Black Panther's Cub":

He chose as his star the most brilliant actress on the American stage—Florence Reed, whose work in "The Mirage" created a sensation on Broadway, and who will long be remembered for her splendid portrayal in "The Wanderer," "Chu Chin Chow," "Roads of Destiny," "The Yellow Ticket," "The Typhoon," and other plays.

He chose as his director Emile Chautard, who, previous to his coming to this country, was director-general of the Theater Rejane in Paris, and since his entry has directed such stars as Elsie Ferguson, Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Frederick, Alice Brady, Lina Cavalieri, Holbrook Blinn, Robert Warwick, and a score of others known the world over.

He chose as his writer Ethel Donoher, a gifted author, and for his scenarioist Philip Bartholomae, who wrote "Over Night," "Very Good, Eddie," "When Dreams Come True," and a score of other legitimate "hits."

He picked for his cast such notables as Tyrone Power, Norman Trevor, Earle Foxe, Henry Stephenson, William Roselle, Ernest Lambert, Mlle. Dazie, Paula Shay, and countless others who have achieved distinction on the stage.

Over \$100,000 was spent on the gowns worn by Miss Reed in this production and by some of the other actresses in her cast.

Entire villages were reproduced in the studio sites at Fort Lee; buildings erected and veritable cities built over night.

Instead of employing the usual "extras," he engaged hundreds of actors and actresses for his big scenes, through the Actors' Equity Association.

A battery of four camera men were kept on the job throughout the taking of the picture, and a special photographer, acquainted with the foreign markets, was especially engaged to work under Chautard's direction in the filming of the negative to be sold abroad.

He personally was present at the taking of every scene, oversaw the development and printing of the film at the laboratories, and inspected every foot of film at the test "run-offs" in his private projection rooms every night.

He brought to the production of motion pictures the consummate skill and experience of a producer who has brought out some of the finest things ever done on the legitimate and operatic stage, not alone in this country, but in practically every center of culture in the world.

No wonder the theatrical and motion-picture world hailed W. K. Ziegfeld's first production as an epoch-making event in the making of motion pictures.

It has recently been announced that a contract has been closed with Mr. Jacobo Glucksmann, who is believed to be the largest exporter and importer of motion pictures, for distribution of Mr. Ziegfeld's initial production in all foreign countries of the world.

This means immediate distribution in Great Britain, France, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Balkan States, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Egypt, Australia, South America, Mexico, Central America, West Indies, the Entire Far East, South Africa, and within a short time in the balance of Continental Europe, including Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. A representative has left for Europe to arrange for special showings in the principal cities of Great Britain and France, and to see to the European showings generally.

THE Carnegie library of New York is filing away in its archives prints of those films which, in future generations, will be the criterion of artistic and thorough effort in the photodrama. They will be representative of only the best, and very few each year are being put away in the steel vaults of America's greatest library.

When the board of critique of that institution viewed Charles Chaplin's newest production, "The Kid," they voted to include it in the list.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN INSURES HIS SHOES

GREAT singers have been known to insure their voices. World-renowned pianists have insured their fingers. Prominent terpsichoreans have insured their feet, and the majority of persons insure life, homes, automobiles, and pets, but probably the most remarkable of all insurance policies ever written is that which has just been issued to Charlie Chaplin.

Charlie has insured his shoes. Not the ordinary ones you see him walking about in the city, or the ones that glide with him over the ball room floor. The big ones. He calls them super-dreadnoughts.

Fifty thousand dollars is the amount of the premium the great comedian has taken out on his great shoes. They are not insured against wear and tear, but they come under a classification very similar to automobile insurance: fire, theft, and property damage.

The particular shoes with which Charlie does not care to take a risk are as well known as the comedian himself. His face and his feet have been his fortune. Both have produced an equal amount of laughter, and without either Chaplin might not be the success he is.

There is a history that goes with Chaplin's well-known shoes. From the best authority, and that is Charlie himself, the shoes were first walked in the first day he made his debut in the motion-picture world. Since that time these same shoes have been soled thirty-seven times; heeled forty-eight times; patched three hundred and seven times, and they have boasted of scores of shoe laces. They are size fourteen.

The shoes originally cost three dollars, yet a small fortune has been expended keeping them in "shape." It is believed that when they are finally discarded by Chaplin they will find a place in the Metropolitan Museum.

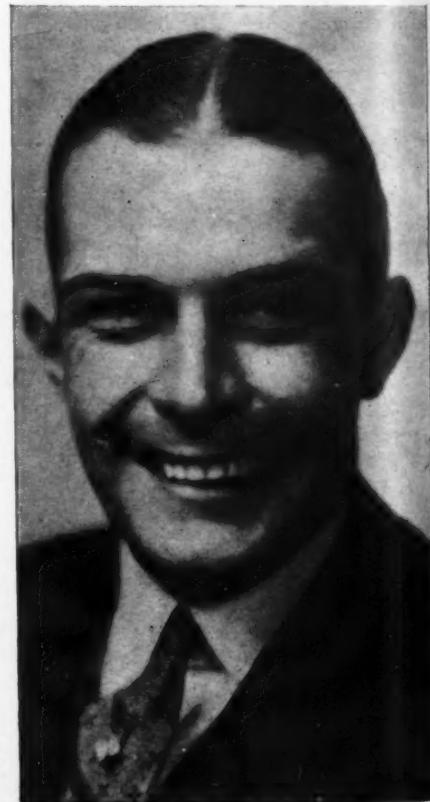


Photo by Nickolas Muray, New York

EARLE FOXE

Former Griffith player, and leading man of a score of Broadway "hits," who appears in W. K. Ziegfeld's initial screen production, "The Black Panther's Cub," starring Florence Reed

JACKSONVILLE TO RIVAL HOLLYWOOD

JACKSONVILLE, Florida, is ambitious to become the motion-picture-making location of the East; not only that, but to compete with Los Angeles, in the Golden West, for the national premiership of that industry.

And why not? Florida gave the cue for the winter resort business to Southern California. It can match that region with orange groves and other semi-tropical features. Its alligators are more picturesque livestock than the coyotes of the western bad lands. Jacksonville has scenery "to burn."

As a major argument, Jacksonville is only thirty hours from New York as against five days to Los Angeles from the financial center of the industry.

Many large producing companies are expected to operate at the Florida gateway city next winter, but the campaign that is responsible for this promise aims principally to interest producers in Jacksonville as an all-the-year-round movie-making headquarters. Jacksonville is prosecuting this enterprise through a committee representing the chamber of commerce, the city council and commission, all the banks, and the principal civic clubs. It looks like "a long pull,



ETHEL DONOHER

Author of "The Black Panther's Cub"



FLORENCE REED, NORMAN TREVOR AND TYRONE POWER

A scene from "The Black Panther's Cub," the first production to be made by W. K. Ziegfeld, for the Ziegfeld Cinema Corporation, in which Florence Reed is starred and Emile Chauard directed

a strong pull, and a pull all together," the kind of effort that gets results for a community.

Scenery has been mentioned. A wide range of scenes and locations is offered. Almost every conceivable situation has been shot in and around Jacksonville. Several years ago one company erected a French village at what is now Phoenix Park, the scenery being ideal for this class of location. When a company from the American Pictures Associates went to Jacksonville recently for "Annable Lee" scenes, a typical down-east three-masted schooner was secured within an hour after arrival. River traffic there offers a great variety of craft from which to select a desired type of floating stage for pictorial use.

The magnificent stretch of beach extending for more than forty miles down the coast has been used not only for beach scenes, but for desert layouts and occasionally even for snow picturization. Pyramids have been reared upon the beach. Palm trees are simply a "drug" in the Florida landscape. Every variety of vegetation, indeed, is at the command of the director. Together with charming river views are windmills, rock-strewn reaches, foothills, mansions, villas, bungalows, lawns galore, skyscrapers—everything imaginable to set off comedy or drama for the screen.

Jacksonville, moreover, has ideal light for camera purposes, climate practically identical with that of the Pacific midcoast, a multitude of folks available for "extras," expert artisans and property houses. The Chamber of Commerce maintains a motion-picture department, with a staff of able and willing operatives to aid producers. This department has listed and classified thousands of locations, not only in Jacksonville and vicinity, but elsewhere throughout the state, and its services have been of much help to directors.

It is the design of the campaign to interest only reputable companies. Jacksonville offers to meet producers half-way and is inviting correspondence. Its salutation to all concerned is, "Come on in; the water's fine."



MLLE. DAZIE

Star of Winter Garden shows and "The Follies," abandons the legitimate stage for a while to dance her way into the hearts of movie fans, via W. K. Ziegfeld's initial screen production, "The Black Panther's Cub"

This Man's Success Was a Great Adventure

Harry H. Rogers, one of America's noted oil and Indian land lawyers, started life as a country school teacher and was a millionaire by the time he was forty. He never saw the inside of a university until he was chosen special lecturer on oil and gas law at the University of Oklahoma; and there have been few important cases in the Oklahoma oil fields in which he has not figured. People who know Harry Rogers say that the secret of his success is his absolute mastery of his chosen legal specialty; but he says whatever success he has achieved has been due to his friends and business associates—his habit of identifying himself with "men who do things"; and that is his advice to the young men of today.

By EVERETT LLOYD

IF I have attained any success in life, it is because I have always associated and identified myself with men who do things."

This, in brief, constitutes whatever recipe Harry H. Rogers has to offer for his own success, and it is his only suggestion to the young man of today; and it is safe to say that inasmuch as "bad company" has worked the undoing of many a promising youth, association with "good company," or men who do things, will have the opposite result.

Within the short space of ten or twelve years Harry H. Rogers became one of the most successful lawyers in the United States—and successful in his case could very properly be spelled in capitals and otherwise accentuated. As a country school teacher he chose the law as his profession, and being in an oil country he specialized in oil litigation and Indian land law and in time became one of the most eminent authorities along these lines.

One of the most refreshing things about meeting and knowing Harry Rogers is that he is unconscious of his own success and looks upon it quite as a matter of course and as nothing unusual. In fact, he says that he is just an ordinary lawyer; that there are no outstanding features about his career—but granting that there are, he was only fortunate in being associated with big men—the leaders in his profession,

any situation; and they were as fortunate in having him on their staff as he was in having them for clients. More than one millionaire oil man in Oklahoma will tell you that Harry Rogers was his salvation, his guiding genius; but you cannot get this information from Rogers himself. He attributes his success to his associates. But when we realize that as the attorney of some of the largest oil interests in the mid-continent field he won lawsuits involving millions of dollars for his clients, and that he was able to retire from active practice shortly after he was forty years of age, and that he had become a millionaire himself, we must admit that he is a very superior man and lawyer, because few lawyers, even in old age, are able to do this. The only explanation is that Harry Rogers is all man—one hundred per cent anyway you measure him; and he did not make a success at the expense of any of his other accomplishments. In all other respects he measures up to the highest standards of citizenship.

Glancing over the high spots in the career of Harry Rogers one wonders how he ever found the time to do what he has. In his well-rounded life of forty-three years he has accomplished more than most men achieve in the allotted three score and ten, yet there is something essentially boyish about him and his outlook on life. He goes about each new task as though it were his first and last, injecting into it consummate skill and accuracy. In everything he does there is a touch of finality, of completeness, and though a lawyer by training and practice, he can turn his attention to financial, industrial and development enterprises with the ease and satisfaction of one who has made these affairs his life work. He is as versatile in business as he is profound in the law, and constantly seeking new fields of activity

Probably the greatest legal authority on oil and Indian land law, who has been leading counsel in most of the important cases of oil litigation in Oklahoma during the past ten years—cases in which millions of dollars were involved. Self-made and self-educated, Mr. Rogers is a rare illustration of unusual professional success. As a lawyer he specialized in oil and land laws, and at the age of forty-three retired from active practice and sold his oil interests for considerably more than two million dollars. Mr. Rogers formerly lived in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he was a leader in the civic affairs of the city and state, and one of its most constructive and public-spirited citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers now make their home in San Antonio, Texas, where they have one of the most beautiful homes in the quaint and historic Southern metropolis, and where Mr. Rogers is identified with a number of large financial, industrial, and development enterprises.

jumped from a broker's office on salary to the position of America's greatest railroad builder and developer. And as little as we think about it, most men do their "bit" within ten years' time—from thirty-five to forty-five; from forty-five to fifty-five, but more frequently from fifty-five to sixty-five—after that the "deadline." Of course there are a few who did their greatest work later, but they are the exception and not the rule. Age is opportunity no less than youth itself, says the poet Longfellow.

One of the strongest arguments why school teachers should be paid higher salaries is not for their services alone, but for the reason that from the profession of teaching have come many of our greatest men and women, some of our greatest statesmen and presidents, lawyers, doctors, and financiers. Fully one-third of our Presidents were teachers at some time in their lives, usually country school teachers; and any book of American biography will reveal the interesting fact that most of our eminent leaders in world affairs were at one time teachers. There is a strange affinity between the profession of teaching and practical world success once the teacher ceases to be the pedagogue. Whether the lessons of life are learned as a result of trying to hammer them into the craniums of recalcitrant youths we do not know, or whether success comes as a result of a well-trained and well-organized mind. All that we know is these truths are self evident, and recalls to mind that Harry Rogers was a school teacher; that he devoted ten years of his life to the work when he was little more than a slip of a kid—he could not have been more than sixteen when he first "taught the young idea how to shoot," and he kept it up for ten years, until 1903, when he was admitted to the bar under Judge W. W. Graves, the present



HOME OF HARRY H. ROGERS, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

in banking, in oil, in civic affairs and citizenship. All these things are true, yet on the other hand we are confronted with the fact that these same men recognized in Harry Rogers one of the ablest of their group, a self-educated, country lawyer who could hold his own in any court or

and endeavor, experiencing a thrill and exaltation in whatever comes to hand.

The late E. H. Harriman frequently made the statement that he was a "ten-year" man; that is to say, his greatest achievements were made in ten years' time. Within that time Harriman



HARRY H. ROGERS

Continued on page 135



Longview Farm, the beautiful and magnificent country home of Robert A. Long

The Story of an All-Around American

R. A. Long—Master Builder, Farmer, Horse Breeder, Humanitarian and Philanthropist

IN that picturesque section of Kentucky, near Shelbyville, which has been the home of some of our most illustrious and distinguished leaders, there was born in 1850 Robert Alexander Long, whose career was destined to influence the lives of many others. He was not unlike the average Kentucky youth of that period—he was born on a farm, did the work of the farmer boy, and attended the local schools until he was sixteen. He came West when he was twenty-two and lived with an uncle in Kansas City, Missouri. His personal fortune at that time consisted of a few hundred dollars which he had earned and saved by his own efforts. His first business venture was in the hay business, but this was of short duration, as we find him a little later embarking in the lumber business at Columbus, Kansas; and it was in the lumber business that he really "found himself" and soon developed those unusual business faculties that have since made The Long-Bell Lumber Company one of the dominant factors in the lumber industry.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company and its associated companies is now a seventy-five-million-dollar concern. Its success forms one of the industrial romances of modern times, and no other large enterprise was ever more completely invested with the ideals and character of the founder—the ideals and character of Robert A. Long, who started the business as a "small-town" lumber yard in 1875 at Columbus, Kansas.

There are many outstanding traits in the life and career of R. A. Long, but the most significant is his complete mastery of himself and his business. He has studied and traveled; has met and known many of America's captains of industry; is a fine student and economist and

by individual efforts has become one of the most perfectly-poised and well-rounded men of his time. By example and practice he has been an inspiration to hundreds of his employees and associates, many of whom have been with him

for over twenty years; and by his philanthropies has influenced the careers of numberless men and women. He has prospered financially, intellectually and spiritually to a degree attained by few men of his eminence; and few great business men have a broader vision and saner outlook on life. His career has largely been one of service to his fellow-man.

Mr. Long is now seventy-one years of age, though he could pass for a man of fifty or fifty-five. He is young in everything save years, with the grace and bearing of a prime minister, a fastidious dresser, with superb mastery of himself, which he never reveals to better advantage than when in personal contact with others. His is the secret of perennial youth, radiating refinement and charm of life.

At the early age of twenty-two Robert A. Long gave evidences of his high character, integrity, and business judgment that were later to place him among the really great business executives of the day. He had very fixed and definite principles and nothing could swerve him from his sense of justice and duty. He early became a member of the Christian Church and is the most actively eminent layman of that denomination, as well as one of its most useful and liberal. It has been one of the habits of his life to interest himself in all the social, civic and religious affairs of his town and community, and in this way get some relaxation from business. This, he claims, is one of his secrets for keeping young—have some other interests than business. Mr. Long's business habits and routine are marvels of promptness, accuracy, and thoroughness. By eight in the morning he is always at his office in the R. A. Long building, and by the most elaborate and perfect system of reports he keeps in touch with every



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ROBERT ALEXANDER LONG

Chairman of the board of The Long-Bell Lumber Company, Kansas City, Missouri, one of America's greatest business geniuses and philanthropists, whose benefactions have influenced the careers of many people. His life and activities have been a benediction to those who know him; and exemplify the highest traits of human character



Views of the Salon and Library in Robert A. Long's palatial home in Kansas City

detail and department of his business enterprises. Whether in his office, on board ship or train he will be found studying the various reports concerning his business. Accuracy is one of his hobbies, and his theory is that inaccuracy is a fatal defect, for the reason that an inaccurate person might not always be honest.

It will be as an artistic and constructive builder that Mr. Long will always be remembered, for the reason that everything he has built suggests permanency, durability, and art. His city and country homes are two of the most elaborate residential places in the United States, combining beauty, utility, dignity, and simplicity. Everything that he has attempted represents the last word in artistic and permanent construction, whether his homes or the R. A. Long office building which was built in 1907, and is still as modern as any.

From building up a world-girdling business, and even to the creation of the smallest detail of decoration or equipment, Mr. Long has always been the Master Builder, the creative artist and dreamer. Had he not gone in for a business career, he undoubtedly would have been a great architect and designer, because he thinks in terms of the builder; and all that he has done, everything that he has constructed, has been built for posterity, reflecting the soul of the builder.

Mr. Long was never known to do anything by halves—it has to be the best; and one sees evidences of this in his home, the farm, the stock, the grounds and lake; and it should be remembered that while he was building his own city and country homes and his office building, he was largely financing other building projects—churches, hospitals, and schools. The mark of selfishness cannot be found on any of his handiwork.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company is by far the largest industrial corporation in the West to be established and put on the high-road to real achievement during the lifetime of the founder. From one small yard the company now operates more than one hundred yards and thirteen manufacturing plants, employing probably ten thousand people, who live under the most favorable economic conditions. In addition to the vast timber interests of the company, they have investments scattered throughout the United States in mills and railroad lines, development and colonization enterprises. They do not leave their forests as abandoned wastes after the timber has been cut, but these lands are cleared and made ready for farm development, and in



This beautiful edifice, admirably designed to serve both educational and religious needs, combines the functions of Church and School House at Longview Farm



Home of the Manager of Longview Farm



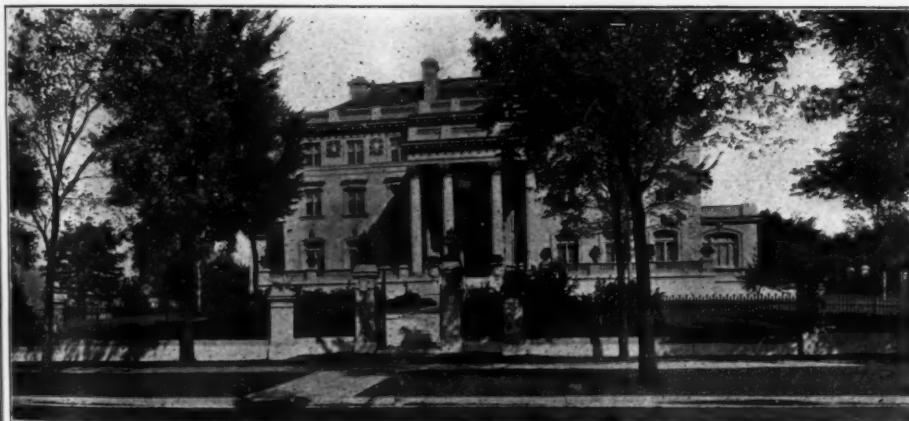
Harness-horse barn of Mrs. Loula Long Combs at Longview Farm. Mrs. Combs is one of the premier whips of the United States, her superb string of blooded horses being among the best known and most successful prize-winners



General Office Building at Longview Farm



Longview Inn, employees' hotel at Longview Farm



City home of R. A. Long, Kansas City, Missouri, one of the show places of the West and one of the most elaborate private residences in the United States



Draft-horse Barn at Longview Farm

this way valuable agricultural lands have been reclaimed and made available as homes.

No matter how much one may want to be honest, he cannot be honest unless he first be accurate; that is the broader conception of honesty. You may think you are honest, but if you are slipshod and keep your accounts badly, you are inviting failure.—R. A. Long.

Back of every great achievement must be the qualities of honesty and industry.—R. A. Long.

The policy of The Long-Bell Lumber Company has been to establish its business on character and quality. This has been notably the case in the sale of timber products, and the mark of Long-Bell stands for the highest quality products. This has been the principle on which the success of the company has been built.

The officials and employees of The Long-Bell Company simply represent a large family, all doing their work well and promoting harmony. It is a singularly cohesive organization in which many of the employees are stockholders. Everyone sinks his own personal identity in favor of the company. The old saying to the effect that corporations are soulless could not by any stretch of the imagination be said to apply to this company. There is an atmosphere of good will and satisfaction throughout the organization from president to office boy; and even the elegant furnishings of the offices bespeak the high quality of its methods, all so eloquently suggestive of the nature of the company's business.

Not only will Mr. Long be remembered as a dominating figure in American commerce, but he will be equally loved as a benefactor. Naturally, his larger philanthropies are too well known to be recounted here, but those nearest his heart are not generally known—one of them being the tent colony at Longview Farm, where deserving mothers may take their children to the country during the summer months and become



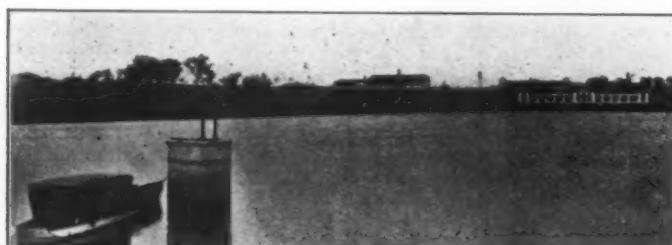
Race Track and Club House at Longview Farm, on the occasion of the meeting of the American Bankers' Association in Kansas City. Eleven hundred automobiles were required to transport the visiting bankers to the farm, where they were the guests of Mr. Long



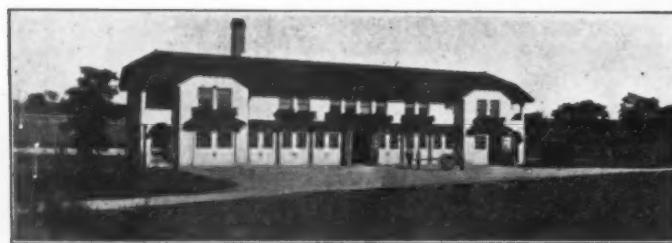
View of entrance and pipe organ in R. A. Long's Kansas City home



Spacious Horse Training Arena at Longview Farm



Lake and Pergola at Longview Farm, covering twenty acres



Garage and Power Plant at Longview Farm



"My Major Dare," grand champion fine-gaited saddle stallion of the world, owned by R. A. Long



Pillars at front porch entrance to Long residence

the guests of the Farm. This experiment has met with unusual success and is one of the few similar camps to be maintained by an individual.

One of the positive tests of a man's usefulness and local popularity is the esteem in which he is held by his friends and neighbors of a lifetime; and it would be folly to argue that R. A. Long is not easily Kansas City's First Citizen; and this is shown by the fact that when some important local movement is launched, he is invariably asked to direct it, and he has never been known to refuse his aid.

Measured by any angle and gauged by any standard, Mr. Long is Missouri's most potential

The game of life is not won by star plays.—R. A. LONG.

SYMPOSIUM OF THE CAREER OF ROBERT A. LONG

Born Shelbyville, Kentucky, 1850.

Educated in public and private schools.

Removed to Columbus, Kansas, in 1875, and established his first lumber yard—the beginning of The Long-Bell Lumber Company; is now chairman of the board and largest stockholder.

Directing head of twenty odd associated companies of The Long-Bell Company.

Ex-president of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association.

Director Christian Church Hospital, Kansas City, to which he donated \$200,000.

Gave one million dollars to the Men and Millions Movement.

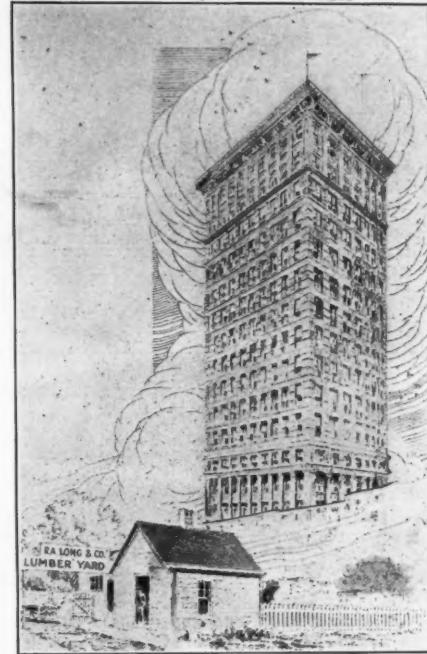
Other private and public benefactions total more than one million dollars.

Is one of the most notable builders in America, his life and work having found expression in permanent contributions to the building and architectural arts. Though the active head of one of the dominant business corporations in the country, he devotes much time to religious, civic, charitable and philanthropic work.

Was active in Liberty Loan drives during the War; a moving spirit in the Liberty Memorial and Associated Charities in Kansas City, and raised \$2,500,000 for both associations.

Mr. and Mrs. Long, accompanied by one of their granddaughters, are making a five-months' tour of Europe.

and popular citizen, and one of the big men of the nation—a man who is complete master of himself and his business, and whose life has been



The R. A. Long Office Building, Kansas City, Missouri, general offices of The Long-Bell Lumber Company, and one of the most beautiful office buildings in America. The small insert picture is the first lumber yard started by Mr. Long at Columbus, Kansas, in 1875, and was the beginning of The Long-Bell Lumber Company

a blessing to humanity. Yet his was the hard road of industry, reinforced by strict honesty—his two favorite qualifications for success.

THIS MAN'S SUCCESS WAS A GREAT ADVENTURE

Continued from page 130

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri. The next ten years were epochal in the life of Harry Rogers, for during that time he became one of the ablest and most successful legal specialists in the United States, his name known throughout Oklahoma as the best oil and land lawyer in the state, and with clients a-plenty.

Harry H. Rogers was born in Hickory County, Missouri, in 1877, and educated in the rural schools of that county, where he later taught for eight years. Later he taught for two years in St. Clair County, and after being admitted to the bar began the practice of law at Wewoka, Oklahoma, then the Indian Territory, forming a partnership with George C. Crump. Going to Holdenville, Oklahoma, in 1908, he became the attorney of Bob McFarlin and the McMan Oil Company, which was purchased by a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company three years ago for \$39,000,000. As the attorney for the McMan interests Mr. Rogers became interested in oil development on his own account, and acquired valuable holdings in the Cushing field and at Augusta, Kansas, and at Halderton, Oklahoma. He removed to Tulsa in 1912 and immediately became active in the affairs of that city and connected with some of its leading institutions, serving as president of the Tulsa Chamber of Commerce in 1919, president of the Oklahoma State Bar Association the same year, and as member of the board of regents of Phillips University at Enid, Oklahoma, and the state university at Norman, Oklahoma. Mr. Rogers is a prominent Mason, a member of the Elks, a good Rotarian, and an active member of the Christian

Church. Success seems very simple after talking with a man like Harry H. Rogers, because there is a total absence of the "I" element in all he says. Yet how very few attain even moderate success professionally and financially. Harry Rogers achieved both; and all the time he was achieving fame and fortune he was working for his home city and state. He had plenty of time to be one of its best citizens; to serve as President of the Tulsa Chamber of Commerce, university regent, president of the Oklahoma State Bar Association, chairman of the District Exemption Board, and was active in Liberty Loan drives. As a lawyer his services were widely sought by the big oil companies and operators, and he could name his own fee for his opinion. Only a few years before he was a country school teacher, and at the time mentioned he had barely turned forty. Money to him was only an instrument for good, so he sold his oil properties, or part of them, for a sum considerably in excess of two million dollars; gave up a law practice that many firms spend years in creating, removed to San Antonio, Texas, and started in an entirely new line of work. He assisted in financing a \$600,000 cotton mill and a \$2,000,000 timber project in addition to building a railroad. Mr. Rogers is still a director in the largest bank in Oklahoma—the Exchange National of Tulsa and the Exchange Trust Company of the same city, and vice-president of the McMan Oil and Gas Company, and couldn't retire if he wanted to.

Since removing to San Antonio he organized and financed the Uvalde & Northern Railroad, running from Uvalde to Camp Wood; the United Timber & Kaolin Association, a \$2,000,000 cedar timber corporation, and the San Antonio Cotton Mill, of which he is vice-president and one of the principal stockholders. Mr. Rogers is now devoting his time and attention to these enterprises. By reason of former connections he is still handling some legal matters, but is practically out of the general practice of law.

Removing to San Antonio a little more than a year ago, Mr. Rogers purchased the H. L. Kokernot home, one of the most elaborate in the city. He has entered into the civic, financial, and commercial affairs of San Antonio with his usual characteristic energy and unselfishness, and already is rated as one of the town's most useful and public-spirited citizens. He is never too busy to do something for his friends or town; and any time he is scheduled to make an address capacity attendance is assured, for he is a finished speaker on almost any subject. Any club, organization, or enterprise counts itself lucky to have Harry Rogers as a member, director, or stockholder.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.
—Johnson.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.—F. H. Hedge.

The Man Who May be the Next American Ambassador to Mexico

EVERY man and woman who is a border citizen in or near the city of Brownsville, Texas, is a booster for the appointment of the Hon. R. B. Creager as American ambassador to Mexico. It would be almost impossible to find a prominent public man of Mr. Creager's achievements in any other city who has a greater personal local following than he has in the city of Brownsville. Even his oldest political enemy will say that he is a man of the highest character, of the most unselfish nature and a loyal friend and neighbor. "R. B. Creager is pure gold" is the way he is described by his home people and all who know him.

This is an unusual and happy state of affairs when we consider that Brownsville has long been the eleventh-hour stronghold of the Democratic party in Texas, and that there has lived in Brownsville one of the most astute politicians in America—a pioneer lawyer who has been immortalized in fiction and who has been recognized as the political dictator along the Mexican border for fifty years. This was the actual condition when R. B. Creager returned to his home city in 1900 as a graduate of Southwestern University and of the law department of the University of Texas and started on his highly successful career as a lawyer and a young Republican leader.

Mr. Creager has as completely reversed the situation and the politics of the Brownsville country as it is possible to do so anywhere. He has accomplished this and he has accomplished it by clean methods, by making a sane and intellectual appeal to the people—both Americans and Mexicans. He has done more than this. By carrying his fight into other sections of the state and using the same methods, he has recruited thousands of the most prominent business and professional men in Texas; and today the Republican party in Texas is a power for good, and R. B. Creager is looming to the fore as one of the big men of the country—an outstanding fact which will impress itself on anyone who meets him. He is a superior man in every way, approachable, refined, educated, considerate, a thoroughgoing business man, lawyer, banker, and farmer; a man's man who is one hundred per cent American; a man who unquestionably has much in common with President Harding himself and who attracted and held the friendship of the late Colonel Roosevelt. These are some of the sidelights on this Texas lawyer whose appointment by President Harding as our ambassador to Mexico is expected and hoped for.

If Mr. Creager had done nothing more for Texas politics than he has already accomplished by fusing the business and professional interests of the state with the Republicans, he would have rendered the people a service. Business men will tell you that they are glad to be Republicans—that it is perfectly respectable now; and the real builders of Texas will admit that they welcome the day when Texas politics will be a fifty-fifty affair instead of the one-sided and inefficient thing it is now. It is a known fact there where there is only one political party the best brains and efficiency are seldom attracted to public service. Rival parties are forced to put their best men in the lead.

R. B. Creager was born at Waco, Texas, in 1877, and when he was seven his parents removed

to Brownsville, where he attended the public schools and grew up largely with Mexican boys. At that time Brownsville was governed by Mexican officials and the Mexican population predominated numerically and politically. Spanish was taught in all the schools and at fourteen young Renfro Creager could write and speak Spanish as well as English. Later he attended Southwestern University, where he finished his academic course and graduated in 1898. Going from Southwestern to the University of Texas, he took his law degree in 1900, and immediately established himself in the general practice of law in Brownsville. As a lawyer he ranks among the ablest in Texas and represents many of the larger financial and development interests along the Mexican border.

After leaving the University, Mr. Creager immediately became active politically, first beginning his work in his home, where he completely but quietly wrested the political control from a small Democratic faction and became the leader of his party in Texas. He served as Collector of Customs during the administrations of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, and has been a delegate to the last two national Republican conventions, and is now Republican State Chairman in Texas. During the past year he has attained national prominence on account of his activity in bringing about the nomination of Senator Warren G. Harding for the Presidency; and he had the honor of seconding the nomination of Mr. Harding at Chicago. His speech, which is one of the shortest in the history of the party, was masterly because of its brevity, and proved one of the sensations of the convention. There are notable and prophetic paragraphs in Mr. Creager's speech, which reflect his vision and understanding, and because of their appropriateness and application to conditions at the time, some of them are herewith reproduced:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Convention: I recognize the fact that this Convention is in no frame of mind to listen to long seconding speeches, and I am not going to trespass upon your time. I speak to you in behalf of the man who has just been nominated in such fitting and eloquent language; and I speak to you as one who, from the distant state of Texas, proudly followed the banner of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912. [Applause.]

"'Back to Normal' should be our slogan and 'America first' our watchword. [Applause.]

"To paraphrase the language of a great man, uttered on a similar occasion, 'We are about to turn the Democrats out of power until God, in His wisdom, charity and mercy, sees fit to once more chastise a loving people.' [Laughter.]

"Let us pray that the recurrence of this chastisement may be long delayed, and let us strive, by the wisdom of our choice in this convention, to render remote the chances of another visitation. [Applause.]

"During the critical four years to come the United States needs, above all things, safe and sane leadership. Neither a radical nor a reactionary should occupy the President's chair. The one is as dangerous as the other.

"We need sanity, we need experience, breadth of view; knowing sympathy for those who have them not, yet respect for the rights of those who



R. B. CREAGER

Well-known Brownsville lawyer, banker, and Republican leader, whose appointment by President Harding as our next Ambassador to Mexico is strongly urged by citizens of Texas. Mr. Creager and President Harding have been close personal and political friends for many years, and Mr. Creager seconded the nomination of the former Ohio Senator at the Chicago Convention. If he is appointed to the post of Ambassador to Mexico he will have the universal approbation and support of Americans and Mexicans alike, as he is exceedingly popular on both sides of the border. He is a university graduate, an able Spanish scholar, and in mental sympathy with the aims and aspirations of the Mexican people, who regard him as a friend. Mr. Creager is one of the most successful lawyers and bankers in Texas, and though the leading Republican in a Democratic state, he has the respect, confidence, and friendship of the entire citizenship.

have. We need an abiding faith in the principles of the Declaration of Independence, of the Bill of Rights, and of the American Constitution.

"In this day of sickly sentimentalism and poisonous internationalism in high places, we must demand a candidate who, in every fibre of his being, believes that the interests of our country must come first and the interests of the balance of the world second.

"Such a man we have, and this man we can not only nominate, but can elect. [Applause.] He is universally respected and admired and has the warmest affection of those who are privileged to know him personally. No party enmities or jealousies exist to militate against his success. This man can carry Ohio. This man can carry the nation.

"It is my great privilege to second the nomination of the Honorable Warren G. Harding of Ohio." [Applause, loud and prolonged, followed by "Three cheers for Harding, our next President."]

After the nomination of Mr. Harding, he and Mrs. Harding were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Creager at their summer home at Point Isabel, Texas, near Brownsville. The families have been warm personal friends for many years, and recently Mr. and Mrs. Creager were the guests of the Hardings at the White House.

The Creager home at Brownsville is a comfortable and inviting brick structure, the architecture being on the Spanish or mission style.

Continued on page 140

A Genius in the Role of Home Builder

The story of Colonel A. J. McColl, probably the greatest land man of his time, who has sold \$30,000,000 worth of farm land and citrus groves in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, and who has colonized more than fifteen thousand northern and middle western farmers in a new country that rivals California in climate, variety of soils and land values, including some truths on the valley itself

LAND may be the basis of all wealth, as John Stuart Mill tells us, but the land man or developer who can foresee actual development and create values where they did not exist before, and thus divert population, is a builder of the highest type. This is actual development of the highest type and of a permanent nature.

This is the story of Colonel A. J. McColl, who did this and more, and who has proved himself one of the most successful home builders and farm developers of his time. He is a genius playing the role of a wholesale farm developer and organizer; and has the distinction of having sold within a few years more than thirty million dollars' worth of agricultural and citrus fruit lands in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, colonizing more than fifteen thousand people—prosperous and successful farmers from the northern and middle western states. And while thus engaged he himself became one of the most successful farmers in that section of Texas which he has so thoroughly pioneered and transformed.

No one who has not personally visited the Rio Grande Valley can have any adequate conception of its beauty, the variety of the climate, soil and products, or comprehend what irrigation has accomplished in the way of transforming a barren wilderness into "The Valley of Sunshine and Roses."

The Rio Grande Valley has been called many things in an attempt to describe it. It has been called "The Magic Valley," but is more than this. It is California, France, or Southern Italy in miniature.

Sitting in his office in Des Moines, Iowa, a few years ago, Colonel McColl was solicited by a land man who had visited the Valley to interest himself in that section as he had always wanted to develop a large irrigation project and become an irrigation farmer. Little development had been attempted up to that time, though a railroad was nearly built and some irrigation projects and canals were under way; but scarcely a hundred people outside of a few Mexicans lived in the country, which was "in the brush"—as it is described—covered with mesquite and cactus. But what the lands did possess was a wonderful silt-soil, rich as the valley of the Nile, capable of the most intensive development; and the climate, and soil combined enabled a farmer to grow and harvest three and four crops of vegetables, fruits, and general farm products a year. The new railroad would solve the marketing problem and with the coming of the railroad new towns would spring up.

Colonel McColl has his home and farm in the Valley. He lives as a neighbor among the people he has invited there; and has made their problems his problems by aiding in the development of large irrigation works and canal systems, notably the one that has already been undertaken by the Reclamation Department of the United States Government and which will cost approximately \$40,000,000. This will be a gravity system and sufficient to irrigate the entire Rio Grande Valley. Two years ago Colonel McColl personally financed all the preliminary work for the gravity system in compiling the data on the feasibility of the undertaking. An-

other instance of his work happened during the war, when Director General McAdoo issued an order restraining rates on Homeseekers' Excursions. He personally visited Washington and explained to Mr. McAdoo what the farmers of the Valley were doing to help win the war. After a ten-minute interview, the order was rescinded. As chairman of various Liberty Loan drives, Colonel McColl personally directed the campaign in his home town of McAllen, which went over the top each drive. He interested himself in the local Chamber of Commerce and helped raise a budget for the organization larger than had ever been raised before.

The Colonel confesses that he is only a "Colonel" by courtesy, because everybody in Texas is either "Colonel" or "Judge." It is as a speaker that he is most effective, and the United States Senate lost one of its most brilliant orators when A. J. McColl was sacrificed as a land developer and builder.

But the development of the Rio Grande Valley has been more than a matter of selling land by oratory or conducting a sight-seeing tour on wheels. No other section of similar area

HIGH SPOTS IN THE CAREER OF COLONEL A. J. MCCOLL

America's Greatest Creator of Land Values

His greatest achievement, of course, is that he has sold \$30,000,000 worth of farm and fruit lands in one small section of the country—the Rio Grande Valley of Texas.

He is the pioneer developer of irrigated farming in Texas.

He is a farmer himself and a good one.

He was born in Iowa and graduated in law at the Iowa College of Law. Being a great orator, he was attracted to politics, but abandoned a successful legal career for the land business.

He is one of the ablest speakers among American business men.

He believes that scientific farming is one of the most profitable and honorable professions.

His customers and others whom he has helped to acquire homes runs into the thousands, and he is the most popular man in the Rio Grande Valley; he has wrought great achievements where others failed. And he is only forty-five years old.

His is the rare ability to foresee and create land values where they did not exist before. This is the genius of the successful real estate man.

He transformed a country that was carpeted with cactus and mesquite ten years ago into a miniature California.

Practically all the money he has earned as a developer of the Rio Grande Valley has been put back into building good roads, irrigation canals and public improvements.

He holds the world's record for energy, hard work, and handling big affairs. A dynamo is tame by comparison.

His only ambition is to be known as a successful farmer.

Colonel McColl has his office in Kansas City, but his home is at McAllen, Texas.



COLONEL A. J. MCCOLL

Kansas City land man and farm developer, who has sold more than \$30,000,000 worth of agricultural and citrus fruit lands in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas to northern and middle western farmers. He is the most successful colonizer ever to operate in the Southwest, and has located more than fifteen thousand new home owners in this fabled country—adding millions of new wealth to the world. Colonel McColl has justly earned the title of being one of America's greatest farm builders and rural developers. He is president of the company bearing his name, also of the Lower Rio Grande Valley Land Men's Association, an organization formed to promote the ethics of development work and protect the home buyer and investor

in the United States has undergone such a marvelous transformation, and in no other section has as much money been spent for actual improvements and developments—in canals, reservoirs, public improvements, schools, churches, store buildings, good roads and good hotels. A few years ago there were only a few thousand people in the entire Valley extending from Brownsville to Mission, and these were the only towns of any consequence. Now there are probably a hundred thousand prosperous home owners and a dozen modern towns, better improved and farther advanced in every way than the average town of similar size twenty-five years old. The fine automobiles, large and modern school buildings, stores and hotels reflect the general prosperity and high moral tone of the people.

No matter what state one happens to be from when he lands in the Valley, he will not be among strangers. Here he will find his friends and neighbors from Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Ohio, and Minnesota. This explains in a way the high type of citizenship to be found in this new Eldorado.

Geographically, the Rio Grande Valley embraces the extreme southern and southwestern part of Texas, and contains about five thousand square miles. The Rio Grande (Big River), which divides Mexico from the United States, has created the Valley and its boundary on the south and west. Rio Grande City, one hundred and five miles northwest from Brownsville, is the apex of the delta and the Gulf of Mexico the base.

But that part of the Valley with which we are concerned is an area of 840 square miles lying in Cameron and Hidalgo counties, which presents

the appearance of the most permanently and highly-developed section of the citrus region of California or Florida. And we should bear in mind that this part of the Valley was only a wilderness ten years ago—unsettled and unirrigated. Now, owing to irrigation and the productivity of the soil, lands are bringing fabulous prices, and the prices are still going up. Such fabulous advances in lands before were never known except in certain localities in California.

The farmers in the Valley have many advantages over other farming regions. They are eight hundred miles nearer the eastern markets than the California farmer; their crops mature earlier and they get top prices for their products. They have an abundance of water at the minimum rate and get cash prices for everything they sell and have ample transportation facilities. And over and above all these advantages they have perfect all-year-round temperate climate, and an unlimited supply of cheap labor; and in these days of high price labor this is an important item.

The soil of the Rio Grande Valley is of a silt nature, having been formed by the deposits of the Rio Grande River before that stream changed its present course. This river is fed by innumerable mountain streams and affords a permanent water supply, one of the irrigation systems which supplies the farmers being the largest in the world; and provision has been made to prevent damage by floods or overflows.

Everything grows in the Valley, and every farmer diversifies and practices rotation of crops. During the past few years the growing of grapefruit and oranges has assumed the proportions of a commercial industry, and the past year there were planted more citrus trees than were in the Valley up to that time. The staple crops however, are cotton, sugar cane, broom corn, Rhodes grass, alfalfa, and dairy crops and hogs, the two being highly profitable on account of an abundance of feed stuffs. The usual custom seems to be with the farmer who buys ten, twenty, or forty acres to plant a third or fourth to citrus fruit, another part in vegetables, and the balance to staple crops. There is never a month in the year when the Rio Grande Valley farmer does not have something to sell. Every month is planting season as well as marketing time.

With all the attractions of a perfect climate it must be granted that it requires more than just climate to lure a farmer away from the moorings of a lifetime where, for sentimental and other reasons he has his strongest attachments and interests.

Unquestionably, the great influx of successful farmers to the Valley has been caused by the financial possibilities of increased land values, plus the climate and variety of soil, to be sure; but nowhere else in the United States have improved lands brought such handsome returns to their original owners as in this practically new country where irrigation makes three and four crops a year the general rule—and this without the use of any kind of fertilizer. The answer must be found in the fact that unimproved lands have advanced from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars an acre, to one, two, and even three thousand dollars an acre, improved, within three or four years. This is what is actually taking place, and the reason is that the lands will produce three and four crops a year. Given this advantage, combined with pleasant living conditions, cheap labor, good schools, churches, and homes, harmonious citizenship working toward mutual ends, and any country is sure to go forward.

Everyone familiar with the development of the Rio Grande Valley since its beginning will say that this wonderful progress is in its infancy; and that five years will see it one continuous citrus grove as highly improved as the orange groves of California; the country completely settled and

beautified with modern homes and palm-shaded pines. This is not too much to expect when we consider the progressive development that has already taken place.

The development of the Rio Grande Valley dates from the building of the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico Railroad, by B. F. Yoakum and associates, from Houston to Brownsville; and the productivity of the Valley has been attained by irrigation—making the rain fall when and where it was needed. With an ample supply of water and plenty of sunshine nearly three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, the drudgery of farm life has been reduced to a minimum. By diversification and rotation the farmer has something to sell nearly every day in the year; and the land is kept at its highest state of permanent development.

With the exception of the railroad itself, the greatest single factor in developing the Valley has been the work of Colonel A. J. McColl, the type of the human dynamo, man of vision, and builder, with a strange gift of oratory, who has been running home-seekers' excursions to the Valley for ten years and being present on every trip. Ten years is a long time and two trips a month would wreck the constitution of most any other man, yet this is the Colonel's record. During those ten years he has established a world's record as a developer—a land salesman,

if you please, locating more than fifteen thousand buyers and actual farmers, and re-investing more than \$3,000,000 of his sales receipts in public improvements in the immediate vicinity of his operations and work. His ability to do big things is only surpassed by his confidence, faith and enthusiasm in his work and his reward has been in achieving an ambition and proving an idea.

The McColl Excursions, which are open to any homeseeker, are run twice a month from Kansas, Missouri, and are so arranged as to provide relaxation and entertainment as well as to break the monotony of the trip. Starting at Kansas City, the excursionists are taken to Galveston, San Antonio, or Houston, depending on the season, and given a day in sight-seeing. On arriving in the Valley they become the guests of the A. J. McColl Land Company, then are given a three-day trip through the Valley seeing the country, and personally talking with the farmers and business men. The return trips are usually made by a different route in order to allow the visitors to see other sections of Texas.

The Colonel undoubtedly could have made more money as a lawyer or politician, for which he is so admirably equipped. Surely he would have had a calmer and easier life; but what do hardships, mental worries and soul-weariness spell to the man who is afire with an ambition and who has found his work?

Looking on the Lighter Side

Willie: They say that in some countries people eat giraffes.

Johnny: Gee Whiz! Fancy a fellow gettin' the neck!

A pessimist is a man who expects to be turned down every time he turns up.

Springfield advertisement: "Dining room girls wanted at Lemon's restaurant!" A request for Lemonade, comments J. S. B.

"My boy Bennie is lazy, but I must say he is smart," declared the musician.

"Is he going to follow in his father's foot steps?"

"No, I learned to play the trombone, and I've got to march about eight miles every time there's a parade. Bennie is learning the harp, so they will have to let him sit down!"

AND YET THEY SAY A SCHOOL TEACHER'S LIFE IS MONOTONOUS

The following answers were given to these questions, in one of the more noted high schools of a small Massachusetts town:

What is an octogenarian?

1. One who feeds octopuses.

2. A strange animal that bears its young in eights.

3. The eighth generation from a negro.

4. An eight-legged animal born in October.

What is the motto of the United States?

1. Give me liberty or give me death.

Who played the harp before Saul?

1. Plato.

2. The Queen of Sheba.

Why does an apple fall to the ground?

1. It gets too heavy for the tree.

2. The stem rots.

3. Because it cannot fall any other place.

—Bostonia.

She: I dreamed about you last night!"

He (eagerly): What was it, dear?

She: I dreamed you were a flower.

He: Oh raptures!

She: Yes, you were a blooming idiot!

A SMALL BOY'S COMPOSITION ON "MEN"

Men are what women marry; they eat, drink, swear, but never go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets, they would. Some men are logical, but mostly always zoo-logical. You can always tell a man by the presence of a suspender button, whiskers, and a pair of pants—

Which leads us on to the next caption—entitled

PANTS

Women were not made for pants. Instead, they run after 'em. Pants are like molasses—thin in summer and thick in winter. When a man pants after a woman, and a woman pants after a man, you have a pair of pants. If you want to make a pair of pants last, make the coat first!

IT IS TO LAUGH

One quasi-humorist wrote a series of commandments that guarantee to tickle the funny-bone if New Englanders assume a rightly-balanced attitude toward them. Here they are:

To be happy in New England, one must Have a professional or literary calling, Select the Puritans as ancestors, Speak low; be a conservative in politics, Know Emerson,

Be a liberal in religion,

Live within two hours of Boston,

Drop your "R's" "S's" and be fond of the antique; eat beans on Saturday night and fish-balls on Sunday morning,

Tolerate the Jew, respect the Irish, and love the Negro,

Wear tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses; be fond of tombstones, and, man or woman, carry your parcels in a brown bag,

Be a D. A. R., a Colonial Dame, an S. A. R., or belong to the Mayflower Society, Be neighborly to the unmarried and read the *Atlantic Monthly*,

Shudder at the West, but go to Europe frequently,

In age, live on Easy Street, with a little Boston & Albany preferred,

Make sure in advance that your obituary appears in the *Boston Transcript*.

**TEXAS' YOUNGEST GOVERNOR MAY BE
NEXT UNITED STATES SENATOR**

THIS is the age of the editor in statecraft. That this is true was indicated in the last national elections, when each of the two principal political parties selected an editor to represent it in its quest for the franchise of the country's electors. It is significant in that it shows the trend of statesmen and people to choose as their leaders not only men whose Americanism has shown itself strong and true through a long period of years and who have given evidence



EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM P. HOBBY
of Texas, whose long list of constructive achievements as chief executive of the Lone Star State has caused his name to be mentioned as a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Senator Culberson. Governor Hobby is a newspaper editor and publisher, being the owner of the Beaumont *Enterprise*. He is now in his forty-third year and was the youngest governor ever elected in Texas

of their adeptness in statecraft, but who, besides, have been close to the hearts of the people, reading their mind, knowing their needs and wants, and able to guide them into paths that lead to the greatest good of the state and the nation.

Though the youngest man ever elected to the governorship of Texas, Governor William P. Hobby recently completed his second term of office with the greatest list of constructive achievements to his credit of any Texas governor. It is believed that this record will win for Mr. Hobby the seat in the United States Senate now occupied by Senator Culberson, who will not be a candidate for re-election.

Governor Hobby was a successful newspaper editor and publisher before he entered political life. He started his career in the business office of the *Houston Post* when he was sixteen years old. At twenty-five he was managing editor of the paper—probably the youngest managing editor of a big city newspaper in the country.

When the oil boom hit Beaumont he bought the *Beaumont Enterprise* and has made the paper one of the most profitable newspapers in Texas. He is a good business man and a good editor.

In the 1914 state campaign Governor Hobby made an eleventh-hour announcement for Lieutenant Governor and won hands down; and was re-elected in 1916. He succeeded to the governorship in 1917, and was elected Governor in 1919. His term expired in January of this year.

Briefly, this is Governor Hobby's political history.

Now for what he accomplished during the nearly four years of his administration:

Reduction of the tax rate for the state of Texas forty per cent. Left five million dollars in the state treasury—the largest amount in the history of any administration. Sponsored and put through the Legislature the Open Port Bill. Created the Board of Control. Established the Budget System. Doubled the school apportionment for rural schools. Gave woman suffrage to the people of Texas. Established a ten-mile prohibition zone law. Placed the University of Texas on a sound financial basis.

The manner in which Governor Hobby conducted the various war activities, the handling of Mexican affairs, the breaking of the Longshoremen's strike at Galveston, and the suppression of crime in Texas, won for him the admiration of all classes, particularly the business interests of the state. No other Governor ever did more to bring about a better understanding between Mexico and the United States than Governor Hobby; and President Obregon emphasized this fact when he invited the Texas Governor to be his guest at the inauguration ceremonies in Mexico City, December 1, 1920, and furnished a special train for the trip. The effect of the friendly and reciprocal relations established between the two countries by Governor Hobby will be permanent and far-reaching, and no one realizes this more than President Obregon.

Governor Hobby is better acquainted with the needs of the people of Texas than any other public man; he enjoys the friendship and respect for President Harding and would be a power for good in the national capitol. He has kept singularly free of all factional fights, and as Governor his only ambition was to "make good."

Even his critics admit he was one of the greatest of Texas Governors—a state that has had some notably superior men in the executive chair.

As the Texas senatorial race now stands, Governor Hobby is the logical candidate, and promises to be a winner against the field, regardless of the entries. He will be backed by the business interests of the state as well as the newspaper fraternity.

Governor Hobby is a native Texan, having been born at Moscow, Polk County, forty-three years ago. His father, Judge Edwin Hobby, was a distinguished lawyer and jurist and for many years was a member of the Court of Civil Appeals.

As a United States Senator, Governor Hobby would have an able ally in Mrs. Hobby, who before her marriage was Miss Willie Cooper, daughter of Judge S. Bronson Cooper, Collector of the Port of New York at the time of his death a few years ago, and previously a member of Congress from the Beaumont District. Mrs. Hobby is credited with being one of the most charming and handsome women in Texas and endeared herself to the people of Texas while occupying the Governor's Mansion at Austin. Governor and Mrs. Hobby are now making their home in Beaumont, where the former chief executive is in active editorial charge of his newspaper.

With National Committeeman Love and Congressmen Blanton and Summers already in the race for the Senate, and former Senator Bailey contemplating making the race, the contest for the Texas senatorship promises to be an interesting affair.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



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that Alpine Wonderland, where, no matter whether you ride or whether you tramp, your eyes behold an ever-changing panorama. There, amid sunlit Alpine valleys, graceful forest-clad hills and towering snowcapped mountains, you will find rest and recreation. It is an economy, too, to visit Switzerland, as there is no appreciable increase in the cost of living.

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CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. ON THE BEACH AND THE BOARDWALK

These two most delightful of Atlantic City's famous hotels have been consolidated in ownership and management. The individual charm, homelike appointments, hospitable attention and service, so long a definite part of each house, as well as the general policies, will continue.

HADDON HALL: Extensive additions now bring its front to the Boardwalk and the sea in a series of artistic and beautiful pavilions, fountain court, garden and sun rooms, and arched and tiled porches opening directly on the beach.

CHALFONTE: Many alterations and improvements have been made for the perfect comfort of guests.

At both hotels: delightful sunny rooms, single or en suite. Hot and cold salt sea water in every room; salt sea air at every window. Cuisine always the best. Golf and Yacht Club privileges.

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

The Man Who May be the Next American Ambassador to Mexico

Continued from page 136

The Creagers have four children. Before her marriage Mrs. Creager was Miss Alice Terrell of Terrell, Texas, her family being the founders of the town. Mr. Creager is active in the social and business affairs of his town, and his office in the First National Bank Building is about the busiest place in the town. The office and the Creager home are pointed out to visitors and tourists as places of interest, for they have certainly done much to advertise the city of Brownsville. Mr. Creager has no particular hobby. He can play a rattling good game of golf and is an expert tarpon catcher. He is not a showy kind of person, but has a rather distinguished bearing; is a good conversationalist and a most superb listener. He belongs to the Episcopalian Church, is a thirty-second degree Mason, and a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. While he has never gone in for oratory of the spread-eagle kind, Mr. Creager is a convincing and polished speaker of the highest type. He is thorough in all he does and always instructive and interesting. He can speak in Spanish probably more dramatically than in English, for that language lends itself to dramatic oratory; and the old-timers at Brownsville will tell you that when "R. B." is in the mood, he can fairly raise the rabble when speaking in Spanish.

As a lawyer, Mr. Creager has been called upon to handle many large financial affairs, and it was natural that he should drift into banking lines. As President of the First National Bank of Brownsville he has made that institution an important factor along the border. But probably the most important work he has accomplished

and one in which he is deeply interested is irrigation, the building of canals, the reclamation of undeveloped land and farming on an extensive scale. There are many of these vast irrigation projects in the Rio Grande Valley, their business being the development of large tracts of land and then supplying water to the farmers; and as the head of the Louisiana and Rio Grande Canal Company Mr. Creager and his associates have been among the first and largest developers; as a matter of fact the canal system built and operated by this company is the largest system in the world, more than seventy thousand acres being irrigated by its various canals. These material facts are furnished simply to show that in addition to being a fine lawyer and business man Mr. Creager is a practical and successful farmer and a developer on a large scale. All farming in the Rio Grande Valley is done by irrigation, and this subject has been one of the real problems confronting the people of that section. Fortunately it has been solved, and the several border counties comprising what is known as the Rio Grande Valley represents one of the richest and most productive areas in the United States.

A LAUDABLE PATRIOTIC COMMUNITY ENTERPRISE

THE citizens of the town of Winthrop, Massachusetts, are looking forward with lively anticipation and interest to the dates of July 4 and 5, when the third annual "America First" Pageant will be given at Fort Banks by the Winthrop Pageant Association.

This organization, composed of patriotic and public spirited citizens, has been doing a wonderful work along the line of community teaching of intelligent patriotism, and it is confidently

expected that this year's pageant will be even a greater success and a more spectacular performance than ever before.

While the pageant is not primarily a money-making enterprise, because of the whole-hearted support of the community, it has been possible each year to donate a very substantial sum to the Army Relief Association out of its surplus proceeds.

As this year's performance is to be given on two nights instead of one, as heretofore, it is probable that the receipts will be much larger, and Colonel James F. Howell, commander of Fort Banks, and Mrs. Howell, who have both been greatly interested in the work, have agreed with the officers of the association that other charities should benefit beside the Army Relief Association. It has been decided, however, that the beneficiaries should be societies that during the war did their work directly with the soldiers, and who have continued such work during the time of peace. As a result the Military Hospital Aid Society and the Winthrop Branch of the Red Cross will this year share in the net receipts with the Army Relief Association.

Governor Channing H. Cox has given his endorsement to this year's pageant by promising President Harry E. Wright and a committee of the association that recently waited on him that he would be present on one evening.

It is hoped also by the directors of the pageant that General Edwards, the honored and beloved commander of the Yankee Division, who is deeply interested in the work of the Army Relief Association, may find it possible to attend.

Such co-ordination of patriotic impulse and the spirit of community welfare as is evidenced by the citizens of the town of Winthrop in their annual "America First" Pageant is worthy of emulation by communities of much more pretentious size.

"BACK TO THE FARM"

EFFORT, with system, will get results in any good scheme.

"Go West, young man, go West," is foolish advice today while New England farms, close to the best markets on the continent, can be bought.

These convictions I have formed after looking over some data furnished by Mr. William E. Quinn, general sales manager of the E. A. Strout Farm Agency, the "largest in the world" of such concerns. "When in doubt, deal with Strout" is the catchy jingle on its business emblem. The communication from the general sales manager was kindly sent to me at the request of Mr. Hutchins, of the Boston office of Strout's, with whom I had a very pleasant chat at a recent meeting of the Rotary Club.

It is important that the facts thus supplied from records in the head office in New York should have wide circulation. They tend emphatically to dissipate a widespread impression



E. A. STROUT

Head of the E. A. Strout Farm Agency, the leading New England Real Estate Agency

that agriculture in New England has become decadent and neglected. Worse still, it is that such an impression is even today being actively cultivated. It was only last April that an advertisement of a Maryland financial company, purporting to give a nation-wide digest of facts and opinions, conveyed the statement that there is no noticeable movement of men to the farms from industries in New England, or, for that matter, from any other section of the country.

As a matter of fact, there is a very noticeable movement from cities and industrial centers to the farms, all along the northern Atlantic seaboard, in the cities of western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, and at some other points. In New England the movement, dating back to the first of this year, is a pronounced one. Sales of the E. A. Strout Farm Agency, which are very largely increased this year, are running two farms to city men and one to men from the country, as compared with two farms to men from the country and one to city men in normal times.

First established at Kent's Hill, Maine, in 1900—the Strout business reached beyond the New England boundaries within three or four years. The number of sales in New England increased steadily up to 1918, when they totaled 516 for the year. They jumped to 890 in 1919, and, in spite of a slowing up the last three months last year, the total for 1920 was 1,006.

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LIFE_BUOY
HEALTH SOAP

Thus the sales in New England were practically doubled in two years and, by the transactions of the first quarter of this year, an increase of more than 50 per cent for 1921 over last year's business is indicated. That New England is becoming a Mecca for farm-seekers from outside its bounds, as well as regarded by its own people a good region to tie up with, is strikingly proved by Mr. Quinn in the following particulars:

"Of course the old story persists about New England farms being abandoned and all that sort of thing, but as a matter of fact we find that New England farms are extremely attractive to the man who is out to buy. For instance, of the 305 farms sold in Maine last year, 165 were sold to men from outside that state; of the 283 sold in New Hampshire, 167 were sold to men who came from outside New Hampshire; of the 215 sold in Vermont, 179 purchasers came from other states; while of the 271 sold in Massachusetts, 50 came from other states, and of the 15 in Rhode Island, 11 came from other states. (In our separation of territory, Connecticut is not reckoned with New England, and as we made 82 sales in Connecticut last year, the number for New England as a whole should be actually 1,088 instead of 1,006.)

"Of the buyers who went to Maine last year, six came from Connecticut, two from Delaware, two from the District of Columbia, two from Illinois, one from Indiana, one from Kansas, 140 from Maine, 66 from Massachusetts, one from Minnesota, 15 from New Hampshire, six from New Jersey, 19 from New York, four from Ohio, three from Pennsylvania, one from South Carolina, six from Rhode Island, one from West Virginia, two from Wisconsin, one from Vermont, three from Virginia, one from Cuba, 22 from Canada.

"Buyers in New Hampshire came from the following states: Three from Arkansas, three from California, two from Colorado, ten from Connecticut, one from Delaware, one from District of Columbia, one from Florida, two from Illinois, two from Indiana, one from Iowa, one

from Kansas, 11 from Maine, three from Maryland, 116 from Massachusetts, three from Michigan, one from Minnesota, one from Montana, one from Nebraska, 54 from New Hampshire, 11 from New Jersey, 15 from New York, one from North Carolina, three from Ohio, one from Oregon, three from Pennsylvania, two from South Dakota, eight from Rhode Island, one from Wisconsin, eight from Vermont, one from Mississippi, 12 from Canada.

"The following states sent Vermont buyers: California, one; Connecticut, 16; District of Columbia, one; Illinois, six; Maine, two; Massachusetts, 50; Michigan, nine; Minnesota, one; Missouri, one; New Hampshire, 19; New Jersey, seven; New York, 30; Ohio, one; Oklahoma, one; Pennsylvania, six; South Dakota, one; Rhode Island, seven; Wisconsin, five; Wyoming, one; Vermont, 36; Virginia, one; Canada, 13.

"Massachusetts buyers came from: Connecticut, three; Florida, two; Illinois, one; Maine, three; Massachusetts, 221; Michigan, one; New Hampshire, five; New Jersey, five; New York, 12; Ohio, two; Pennsylvania, two; South Dakota, one; Rhode Island, five; Texas, two; Wisconsin, one; Vermont, four; Canada, three.

"Buyers came into Rhode Island from the following states: Connecticut, two; Massachusetts, two; New Jersey, two; New York, four; Pennsylvania, one; Rhode Island, four.

"Into Connecticut: From Connecticut, 26; Kentucky, one; Massachusetts, six; Michigan, one; New Hampshire, one; New Jersey, 12; New York, 32; Ohio, one; Rhode Island, one; Vermont, one.

"It is of particular interest that while all these buyers came into New England from other states, only 56 New Englanders were taken out of that territory and placed on the 3,200 farms sold by this Agency in other sections of the country. It looks to us pretty much as if the New Englanders, as well as other people, think that New England is a pretty good place in which to live."

FACT PURSUDES FICTION

An Author's Romance

NOT a few novelists have written their lives into their stories. From their own experiences they have found material for evolving for their characters vicissitudes of childhood, heart affairs of adolescence, adventures of middle age. But for authors to run into experiences in life almost identical with some that they have already evolved out of imagination for building their book characters is rare.

This very thing has happened in the life of Mrs. Norman Lewis, author of "The Love Affair of a Homely Girl," "Molly," and other heart-throbbing tales. Here is a little story on the side about "Molly's" story.

Some time ago Mrs. Lewis received a letter from a little school teacher who was supporting her son in school, and had not a cent to spend on pleasure



MRS. NORMAN LEWIS

Author of "The Love Affair of a Homely Girl," "Molly" and other stories

for herself. She said that she had read her books, and had laughed and cried over every page of "Molly." She asked her whether she might purchase the books with tatting, of which she made a considerable amount for sale. Mrs. Lewis sent her both volumes, receiving, in return, several yards of the lace.

Mrs. Lewis was Jean L. de Forest, and her life story contains the coincidence of its supreme episode, showing points of similarity with what the author had before this invented for one of her characters. Also there is recalled therein a sentiment, that another of her characters had expressed. Both of the books alluded to had been published, it should be remembered, before the life experiences noted were met.

After taking her master's degree at Columbia University, Jean de Forest began writing short stories for the magazines. This was in 1909. "The Love Affair of a Homely Girl" came out in 1914, and "Molly" the following year. In August of 1914 Miss de Forest sailed for England. Her voyage was rudely disturbed near the other side of the Atlantic by the appearance of a British dreadnought, which halted her steamer and warned it that a German battleship was after it, intent upon seizing its cargo of grain. She remained in England nearly a year and a half, having been detained through injuries received in an omnibus accident.

If she had not undergone the accident, she would not have met Mr. Lewis, the man destined to be her husband. Giving zest to the romance, a young nurse in the hospital, posing as an amateur fortune teller, had persuaded her to become a subject, and told her she was going to have a stormy passage home, but that love was waiting for her, and an ideal marriage across the water. A 93-mile gale on the ocean fulfilled the first part of the "fortune," and the rest came true when she went to the Middle West for treatment of her London bus injury and met Norman Lewis. Note that Lewis was the surname of the hero of the "Homely Girl." Also that the philosophy of "Molly," where she had been made to say, "Everything bad brings something good, that could not have come about in any other way," was borne out.

Another parallel appears in the fact that Jean helped to nurse Norman, who had developed tuberculosis, back to vigor in a Wyoming open-air-cure tent, just as the "Homely Girl" had taken care of the blind hero, Martin Lewis, in the story. There was difference in the cases, however, for it was as his wife that Jean nursed Norman. She had become engaged to him before the nature of his malady was discovered. Their home is in Goderich, Ontario. Mr. Lewis is only disappointed that his health prevented him from following in the footsteps of his father, now Judge Lewis, formerly a member of the Canadian parliament and originator of daylight saving. He has resigned himself to the less strenuous vocation of a political writer.

Mrs. Lewis is a descendant of Don de Forest, a famous privateer, and once ambassador to Brazil. On her mother's side she numbers among her ancestors John G. Saxe, poet, and Dr. Henry Chase, of New York City, founder of the sailors' missions, and she is a cousin of Richard Burton, poet, essayist, and critic. While visiting a titled woman in England, Miss de Forest met a professor from the Sorbonne, Paris, who had been born and brought up in New Haven, Connecticut, the original home of the de Forest family. He told her many tales of Don de Forest and on a later visit the English hostess handed her a document of gift, long in the possession of the professor, presenting to Don de Forest a house and grounds as a token of esteem from the government of Brazil.

Anyone who has not read "Molly" and "The Love Affair of a Homely Girl" has missed a rare treat. Not only are they two of the most human and optimistic stories ever written, but they afford opportunity for a sojourn among delightful scenes, and an acquaintance with a circle of charming people, who are well worth a permanent place in the gallery of friendship.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are at present living in Denver, Colorado, although they hope to be able eventually to return to their Canadian home.

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